

A BOOK OF VERSES UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH

AN ANTHOLOGY

EDITED BY
PROFESSOR SIRAJ-UD-DIN

THE IDEAL BOOK HOUSE
194- ANARKALI LAHORE

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INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare's query about Love :

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head ?
Where begot, where nourished ?"

applies equally to poetry. We may well ask, where is poetry born ? Does it come out of emotion : love, grief, or despair, the words merely patterns of sound to reproduce the original feeling ? Or does it begin in a man's meditations over experience, and the wise or desperate conclusions he draws from it, the words merely made into a way of expressing that meditation concisely and pointedly ? Is it excitement we want in a poem, or wisdom ? The traditional answer was that poetry is born in the heart, but the modern critics, with Leavis in the forefront, insist that good poetry gives evidence of 'cerebral muscle', that passionate thinking and passionate feeling are fused into a meaningful poetic utterance, thus making it truly metaphysical ; or to quote Herbert Read : "metaphysical poetry is the emotional apprehension of thought." The truly metaphysical poet strikes fire in the very processes of reasoning.

But not all poetry need be metaphysical. Most lyrics, for example, are simple, sensuous, direct. We may say however, that whether poetry is metaphysical or directly sensuous, it is essentially art. It has no intention of trying to write concentrated philosophy. It may now and then do that, but only incidentally to its main purpose of uttering a man's own way of realizing the human situation. What we always seek in poetry is a resolution of experience in heightened words ; a poem which began in a lived-out and completed event, went into the self as understanding, was there given shape in image and phrase, and came out as an extension of our own experience. Yet, that poetry should exist as an art is more largely due to our structure as feeling creatures than as thinking men. It is the quality of emotion in us which motivates our will to put our lives into words, if we are poets, or to find our own lives in another man's words, if we are readers. In this sense we may even say that the nerves of man are the primal source of poetry. A. E. Housman did not dare think of a line of poetry while shaving, for so immediate was the reaction in him, and so physical, that his beard would stiffen and he would cut his cheek with the razor. If the line of verse came to him with a largely intellectual force, it would have been contained in Housman's clear, alert mind. But it came to him over his central nervous system, a shock like hunger or its satisfaction, and had on him an effect like sudden fear. He even speaks of a shudder up and down the spine.

The writing of a poem is itself a part of a man's

experience, and in the process he shapes his material to an end often quite unforseen at the beginning, the conclusion coming not from the first line but gradually through the working-out of the poem. Housman describes his own procedure thus :

"Having drunk a pint of beer at luncheon—beer is a sedative to the brain, and my afternoons are the least intellectual portion of my life—I would go out for a walk of two or three hours. As I went along, thinking of nothing in particular, only looking at things around me and following the progress of the seasons, there would flow into my mind, with sudden and unaccountable emotion, sometimes a line or two of verse, sometimes a whole stanza at once, accompanied, not preceded, by a vague notion of the poem which they were destined to form a part of. Then there would usually be a lull of an hour or so, then perhaps the spring would bubble up again. I say bubble up, because, so far as I could make out, the source of the suggestions thus proffered to the brain was an abyss which I have already had occasion to mention, the pit of the stomach." The important thing here is not simply Housman's placing the source of poetry in the pit of the stomach and backing it by his own very physical reactions to poetry. The magnificent aspect of man is that out of the physical accompaniments of his life, out of eye and tongue and the most secret tissue of the body he makes an incantation of thought-feeling for other men. He loses his own live self in the impersonal word of the poem. Yet this is his only way of finding his

own full self. Not only the pit of the stomach, not the mind alone, but a whole man is involved, nerve and mind, belly and brain :

"God guard me from those thoughts men think
In the mind alone ;
He that sings a lasting song
Thinks in a marrow and bone"—Yeats.

So much for the source of poetry. As for its function, perhaps the wisest words on the subject have been spoken by Christopher Fry. In the preface to his play "A Sleep of Prisoners" he remarks that man's entrance into the world is almost the greatest entrance ever contrived. There is probably only one event more thrilling : the creation of the universe which introduced him. The inescapable dramatic situation for us all is that we have no idea what our situation is. Death may end all. Or it may not. We don't know. All that we do know is that we are plunged into an existence fantastic to the point of nightmare, and however firm our religious faith, we cannot really make head or tail of it. Of course we get used to it. We get broken into it so gradually we scarcely notice it. Custom blunts the edge of our wonder and perplexity. But if we could shake off custom and descend on to the world without any conception of what we are going to see, we should be like the old woman who looked at the giraffe in the zoo and refused to believe a word of it.

Here is my hand lying on the table in front of me. That one thing alone, the first impact of a hand, is more dramatic than any Greek or Elizabethan

drama. The common place is suddenly transformed into phantasmagoria.

Poetry makes us conscious of this drama. It gives us an inkling of reality; not surface reality, the reality we have made for ourselves by two million years of getting used to it, the domestication of the enormous miracle, but that other reality which reminds us that we were born stark naked into a pandemonium of most unnatural phenomena. This reality is the province of poetry: the amazing miracle of our existing at all. That is why poetry is ultimately so much more fresh than even nature herself. The first green leaves are indeed sweet and sweet the first heat and the scents. But the flowers we meet in song are new. The seasons that unfold in verse do not belong to the dull round of custom. Put not your faith in lilac blooms; they smell heavenly, but they rust. The ten million beech trees that put forth innumerable leaves of green, nevertheless fade. But the gardens of the muse remain. What was once, is still beautiful, like the still unravished bride of quietness. In poetry "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Could truer words be spoken?

Ihave added some commentaries at the back which are primarily intended for teachers and the more curious among students.

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SECTION I

LOVE

WHO WILL IN FAIREST BOOK OF NATURE KNOW

Sir Philip Sidney 1554—1586

"Who will in fairest book of Nature know
How virtue may best lodg'd in beauty be,
Let him but learn of Love to read in thee,
Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show
There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly,
That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
And, not content to be Perfection's heir
Thyself, dost strive all minds that way to move,
Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair,
So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As fast thy virtue bends that love to good ;
But, ah, Desire still cries give me some food."

LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE

William Shakespeare 1564—1616

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O no, it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom :—
    If this be error, and upon me proved,
    I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

THE SUNNE RISING

John Donne 1572—1631

Busie old foole, unruly Sunne,
Why does thou thus,
Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us ?
Must to thy motions lovers seasons run ?

Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide
Late schoole boyes, and sowre prentices,
Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride, ;
Call countrey ants to harvest offices ;
  Love, all alike, no season knowes, nor clyme,
  Nor houres, dayes, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames, so reverend, and strong
Why shouldst thou thinke ?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,
But that I would not lose her sight so long :

If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Looke, and tomorrow late, tell mee,
Whether both the 'India's of spice and Myne
Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee.
  Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday
  And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay.

She'is all States, and all Princes, I,
Nothing else is.
Princes doe but play us ; compar'd to this,
All honor's mimique ; All wealth alchimie.

Thou sunne art halfe as happy' as wee,
In that the world's contracted thus ;
Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
To warme the world, that's done in warming us.
  Shine here to us, and thou art every where ;
  This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

George Wither 1588—1667

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
    If she think not well of me,
    What care I how fair she be ?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove, or pelican,
    If she be not so to me,
    What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness blessed
Which may merit name of Best,
    If she be not such to me,
    What care I how good she be ?

Great or good, or kind, or fair,
I shall ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Robert Herrick 1591—1674

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And, having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I will despair
Under that cypress-tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love my heart,
The very eyes of me :
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER ?

Sir John Suckling 1609—1624

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

LOVE, WHAT ART THOU?

Lady Mary Wroath
[Published 1621]

Love, what art thou? A vain thought,
In our minds by fancy wrought;
Idle smiles did thee beget,
While fond wishes made the net
Which so many fools have caught.

Love, what art thou? Light, and fair,
Fresh as morning, clear as the air:
But too soon thy evening change
Makes thy worth with coldness range;
Still thy joy is mixed with care.

Love, what art thou? A secret flower,
Once full blown, dead in an hour.
Dust in wind as staid remains
As thy pleasure, or our gains,
If thy humour change to lour.

Love, what art thou ? Childish, vain,
Firm as bubbles made by rain ;
Wantonness thy greatest pride ;
These foul faults thy virtues hide ;
But babes can no staidness gain.

Love, what art thou ? Causeless curst,
Yet, alas, these not the worst.
Much more of thee may be said ;
But thy law I once obeyed,
Therefore say no more at first.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Andrew Marvell 1621—1678

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find ; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood ;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow ;

An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
An age, at least, to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But, at my back, I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near:
And yonder, all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song..........
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, into one ball:
And tear our pleasures, with rough strife,
Through the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

LOVE

Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1772—1834

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
  And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
  Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
  My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
  Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
  The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
  That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interprêted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
And angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage w6rse than death
The Lady of the Land !

And how she wept, and clasped his knees
And how she tended him invain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faultering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin-shame :
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside
As conscious of my look she stepped--
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
  She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up,
  And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
  The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
  My bright and beauteous Bride.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Ralph Waldo Emerson 1803 --1882

Give all to love ;
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit and the Muse,--
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master
Let it have scope :
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope :
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent ;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean ;
It requireth courage stout.
Souls above doubt,
Valour unbending,
It will reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavour,—
Keep thee today,
Tomorrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid ;
But when the surprise,

First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free ;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rore she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive :
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

IF THOU MUST LOVE ME

Elizabeth Barrett Browning 1806—1861

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
'I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may

Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore!
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

A BOOK OF VERSES UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH

Edward Fitzgerald 1809—1883

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough'
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love, could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

THE MARRIED LOVER

Coventry Patmore 1823—1896

Why, having won her, do I woo?
  Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,
  But, spirit-like, eludes embrace;
Because her womanhood is such
  That, as on court-days subjects kiss
The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch
  Affirms no mean familiarness;
Nay, rather marks more fair the height
  Which can with safety so neglect
To dread, as lower ladies might,
  That grace could meet with disrespect;
Thus she with happy favour feeds
  Allegiance from a love so high
That thence no false conceit proceeds
  Of difference bridged, or state put by;
Because, although in act and word
  As lowly as a wife can be,
Her manners, when they call me lord,
  Remind me 'tis by courtesy;
Not with her least consent of will,
  Which would my proud affection hurt,
But by the noble style that still
  Imputes an unattain'd desert;
Because her gay and lofty brows,
  When all is won which hope can ask,

Reflect a light of hopeless snows
That bright in virgin ether bask ;
Because, though free of the outer court
I am, this Temple keeps its shrine
Sacred to heaven ; because, in short,
She's not and never can be mine.

LOVE WAKES MEN, ONCE A LIFE-TIME EACH

Coventry Patmore 1823—1896

"An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him, but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each ;
They lift their heavy lids and look ;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme
And most forget ; but either way,
That, and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day."

LOVE

Roy Croft
[*Nineteenth Century American poet*]

"I love you,
Not only for what you are,
But for what I am
When I am with you.

I love you
Not only for what
You have made of yourself,
But for what
You are making of me.

I love you
For the part of me
That you bring out ;
I love you
For putting your hand
Into my heaped-up heart
And passing over
All the foolish, weak things
That you can't help
Dimly seeing there,
And for drawing out

Into the light
All the beautiful belongings
That no one else had looked
Quite far enough to find.
I love you because you
Are helping me to make
Of the lumber of my life
Not a tavern
But a temple ;
Out of the works
Of my every day
Not a reproach
But a song.

I love you
Because you have done
More than any creed
Conld have done
To make me good,
And more than any fate
Could have done
To make me happy.
You have done it
Without a touch,

Without a word,
Without a sign.
You have done it
By being yourself.
Perhaps that is what
Being a friend means,
After all."

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

William Butler Yeats 1865—1939

When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And, nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look ,
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

BELIEVE THE TRUTH OF LOVE

Bliss Carman (Victorian Poet)

Believe the truth of love,
Enact the beauty of love,
  Praise and adore the goodliness of love.
For we are wise by love,
And strong and fair through love,
  No less than sainted and inspired with love.
Sow love, it cannot fail ;
Adversity's sharp hail
  May cut all else to ground ; fair love survives
The black frost of despair
And slander's bitter air—
  Love will outlast them by a thousand lives.

Let soul desire, mind ask,
And body crave ; our task
  Be to fulfil each want in love's own way.
So shall the good and true
Partake of beauty too,
  And life be helped and greatened day by day.
Spend love, and save it not ;
In act, in wish, in thought,
  Spend love upon this lifetime without stint.
Let not the heart grow dry,
As the good hours go by
  Love now, see earth take on the glory tint.

AND WHAT IS LOVE ?

C. W. Wynne (Victorian poet)

And what is Love?—Hath ever man defined ?—
So small a word, and yet so wonderful !
The sweetest of the mysteries enshrined
Within temple of the human soul.
A power no face can fetter, Time control,
Whose mystic arms encircle land and sea,
Lighting the great deeps of Eternity.
Love is an union of eyes and heart,
Each bound in willing service to the other,
No sooner doth the eye its joy impart
Than tears give answer for its silent brother -
Bright jewelled founts, in which we fain would smother
The weakness and the rapture of our love,
Forgetful that the gift is from above !

THE GREAT LOVER

Rupert Brooke 1887 – 1915

I have been so great a lover : filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content.

And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight ?

These I have loved :
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines ; and feathery, faery dust ;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light ; the strong crust
Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;
Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of wood ;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers ;
And, flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon ;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble ; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that is
Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds ; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;
The benison of hot water ; furs to touch ;

The good smell of old clothes ; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns...

Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me ! Royal flames ;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap to spring ;
Holes in the ground ; and voices that do sing ;
Voices in laughter, too ; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace ; and the deep-panting
train ;
Firm sands ; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes
home ;
And washen stones, gay for an hour ; the cold
Graveness of iron ; moist black earthen mould ;
Sleep ; and high places ; footprints in the dew ;
And oaks ; the brown horse-chestnuts glossy new ;
And new-peeled sticks ; and shining pools on
grass
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell
Love's trust
And sacramental covenant to the dust.
—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again and make

New friends, now strangers...
But the best I've known
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old,
is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades
from brains
Of living men, and dies.
Nothing remains.
O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give; that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed.
Praise you, "All these were lovely;" say, "He
loved."

SECTION II

BEAUTY

AN HYMN IN HONOUR OF BEAUTY

Edmund Spenser 1552—1599

"What time this world's great work-minister did cast
To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly pattern, to whose perfect mould
He fashioned them as comely as he could,
That now so fair and seemely they appear,
As nought may be amended any where.
That wondrous pattern, wheresoever it be,
Whether in earth laid up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore ;
Whose face and feature doth so much excel
All mortal sense, that none the same may tell."

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or less, by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the gross matter of this earthly mine
Which clotheth it thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the dross which dims the light
Of that fair beam which therein is empight.
How vainly then do idle wits invent,
That beauty is naught else but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp' rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade ;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measured, with meet disposition !

But ah ! believe me there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the minds of man ;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken
Shall find by trial, and confess it then
That Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things that only seem.

ROSALINE

Thomas Lodge 1556—1625

Like to the clear in highest sphere
where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh ho, would she were mine.
Her cheeks are like the blusing cioud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace.
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within whose bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !
Her neck like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,

Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft to touch and sweet in view :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Nature herself her shape admires ;
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !
Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she were mine !

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE

Thomas Campion 1567—1619

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow ;
There cherries grow which none may buy
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow ;
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

DO BUT LOOK ON HER EYES

Ben Jonson 1572—1637

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her ;
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the element's strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil had smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of beaver ?
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white,—O so soft,—O so sweet is she !

STILL TO BE NEAT

Ben Jonson 1572—1637

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd ;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free ;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

Robert Herrick 1591—1674

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction.
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher,
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly,
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

BELINDA'S TOILET

Alexander Pope 1688—1744

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears,
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

William Wordsworth 1770—1850

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these grey rocks ; that household lawn ;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode ;
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream ;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But, O fair Creature ! in the light
Of common day so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart ;
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee neither know I nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainy I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.

Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness ;
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladess overspread !
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind...
Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then, why should I be loth to stir
I feel this place was made for her ,
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;

For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And thee, the Spirit of them all !

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792—1821

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats tho' unseen among us ; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance ;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread.
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirt of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope;

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour;
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

——

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

John Keats 1795—1821

NO, no ! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine ;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kist
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine ;

Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries ;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud ;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,

Or on the wealth of globed peonies ;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die ;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu ; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips ;
Ay, in the very temple of Delight

Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine ;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

DAISY

Francis Thompson 1859—1907

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf !—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea ;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake
Nor knew her own sweet way ;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day !

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray ;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face !
She gave me tokens three :—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word—strings of sand !
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end :
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose !

She looked a little wistfully
  Then went her sunshine way :—
The sea's eye had a mist on it
  And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
  She went, and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
  And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
  Was sad that she was glad ;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
  The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
  Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
  And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
  That is not paid with moan ;
For we are born in other's pain,
  And perish in our own.

SECTION III

TRUTH–BEAUTY

WHY DOST THOU PRATE OF GOD ?

Hui Neng
(Ancient Chinese Poet)

Why dost thou prate of God ?
Whatever thou sayest of Him is untrue.
There is nothing true anywhere,
The True is nowhere to be found.
If you say you see the True,
This seeing is not the true one.
When the True is left to itself,
There is nothing false in it, for it is Mind itself.
When Mind in itself is not liberated from the false,
There is nothing true ; nowhere is the True to be found.
This truth is to be lived, it is not to be merely pronounced with the mouth,
There is really nothing to argue about in this teaching ;
Any arguing is sure to go against the intent of it.
Doctrines given up to controversy and argumentation lead of themselves to birth and death.

CAN I EXPLAIN THE FRIEND ?

Jalal ud Din Rumi 1207—1273

Can I explain the friend to one for whom He is no Friend ?
When a mother cries to her sucking babe, 'Come, o son,
I am thy mother !
Does the child answer, "O mother, show a proof
That I shall find comfort in taking thy milk ?"
Sell your cleverness and buy bewilderment ;
Cleverness is mere opinion, bewilderment is intuition.

Reason is like an officer when the King appears ;
The officer then loses his power and hides himself.
Reason is the shadow cast by Truth ; Truth is the Sun.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

John Keats **1795—1821**

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme,
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
What men or gods are these ? What maidens loth ?
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, moie endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, haypy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above :
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed ?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,

Isemptied of this folk, to pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

TRUTH IS WITHIN OURSELVES

Robert Browning 1812—1889

Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness ; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.

A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it, and makes all error: and, to know,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Where the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

ALL TRUTHS WAIT IN ALL THINGS

Walt Whitman 1819—1892

All truths wait in all things,
They neither hasten their own delivery nor resist it,
They do not need the obsteric forceps of the surgeon,
The insignificant is as big to me as any,
(What is less or more than a touch ?)

Logic and sermons never convince,
The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.
(only what proves itself to every man and woman is so,
Only what nobody denies is so.)

A minute and a drop of me settle my brain,
I believe the soggy clods shall become lovers and lamps,

And a compend of compends is the meat of a man or woman,
And a summit and flower there is the feeling they have for each other,
And they are to branch boundlessly out of that lesson until it becomes omnific,
And until one and all shall delight us, and we them.

I DIED FOR BEAUTY

Emily Dickinson 1830–1886

"I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was lain
In an ad oining room.

He questioned softly why I failed ?
"For beauty," I replied.
"And I for truth,—the two are one ;
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips,
And covered up our names."

★ ★ ★

SECTION IV

NATURE

THE GARDEN

Andrew Marvell 1621—1678

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree
Whose short and narrow, verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow ;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas ! they know or heed,
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'r your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine !
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness :—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;

Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various lights.

Such was that happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we !
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

TINTERN ABBEY REVISITED

William Wordsworth 1770—1850

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

THE TABLES TURNED

William Wordsworth 1770—1850

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountaiu's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
Close up those barren leaves ;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

William Wordsworth 1770—1850

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

THANKS TO THE MEANS WHICH NATURE DEIGNED TO EMPLOY

William Wordsworth 1770—1850

Thanks to the means which nature deigned to employ;
Whether her fearless visitings, or those
That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light
Opening the peaceful clouds; or she may use
Severer interventions, ministry
More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree

Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; for above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark—

And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood ; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being ; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields ;
But huge and mighty forms that do not live,
Like living men moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

THERE IS A PLEASURE IN THE PATHLESS WOODS

Lord Byron 1788—1824

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
To fly from, need not be to hate mankind ;

All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love earth only for its earthly sake ?...
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear ?

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me ; and to me
High mountains are a feeling. but the hum
Of human cities torture : I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion ? Should I not contemn
All objects if compared with these ?

THE CLOUD

P: B. Shelley 1762–1821

I Bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea.
That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,

Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
  By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
  Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
  The stars peep behind her and peer,
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
  Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
  Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
  And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
  I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
  The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
  Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph ;
  And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
  I arise and unbuild it again.

ODE TO AUTUMN

John Keats 1765—1821

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease ;
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen Thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are they ?

Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

THE NIGHT IS FULL OF STARS

Lionel Johnson 1867—1902

The night is full of stars, full of magnificence ;
Nightingales hold the wood, and fragrance loads the dark.
Behold what fires august, what lights eternal ! Hark !
What passionate music poured in passionate love's defence.
Breathe but the wafting wind's nocturnal frank incense !
Only to feel this night's great heart, only to mark

The splendours and the glooms, brings back the patriarch
Who on Chaldaean wastes found God through reverence.

Could we but live at will upon this perfect height,
Could we but always keep the passion of this peace,
Could we but face unshamed the look of this pure light,
Could we but win earth's heart and give desire release,
Then were we all divine, and then were ours by sight
These stars, these nightingales, these scents ; then shame would cease.

SECTION V

MAN

MANY THE MARVELOUS THINGS

Sophocles 495—406 B. C.

'Many the marvelous things ; but none that can be
More of a marvel than man ! This being that braves
With the south wind of winter the whitened streaks of the sea
Threading his way through the troughs of engulfing waves.
And the earth most ancient, the eldest of all the gods,
Earth, undecaying, unwearied, he wears away with his toil,
Forward and back with his plowshare, year after year, he plods, with his horses turning the soil.

Man in devising excels. The birds of the air,
That light-minded race, he entangles fast in his toils.

Wild creatures he catches, casting about them his snair,
And the salt-sea brood he nets in his woven coils.
The tireless bull he has tamed, and the beast whose lair
Is hidden deep in the wilds, who roams in the wooded hills.
He has fitted a yoke that the neck of the shaggy-maned horse will bear ;
He is master of all through his skills.

He has taught himself speech, and wind-like thought, and the lore
Of ruling a town. He has fled the arrows of rain,
The searching arrows of frost he need fear no more,
That under a starry sky are endured with pain.
Provision for all he has made—unprovided for naught,
Save death itself, that in days to come will take shape.
From obscure and deep-seated disease he has subtly wrought
A way of escape.

Resourceful and skilled, with an inconceivable art,
He follows his course to a good or an evil end.

WHAT IS A MAN?

William Shakespeare 1564—1616

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd.

SINCE MY DEAR SOUL WAS MISTRESS OF HER CHOICE

William Shakespeare

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of man distingish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself ; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks ; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingl'd,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS A MAN

William Shakespeare

"What a piece of work is a man ! How noble
In reason ! how infinite in faculty !
In form and moving how express and abmirable !
In action how like an angel ! In apprehension
How like a god ! the beauty of the world !
The paragon of animals ! And yet. to me,
What is this quintessence of dust ?"

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

Sir Henry Wotton 1568—1639

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
United unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
  With a religious book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  And having nothing, yet hath all.

MAN

Sir John Davies 1569—1626

"I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet she is blind and ignorant in all :
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.
I know my life's a pain and but a span ;
I know my sense is mock'd in everything,
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man—
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing."

MAN

Henry Vaughan 1622—1695

"Weighing the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of times divide,
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowers
Early, as well as late,
Rise with the Sun, and set in the same bowers ;
I would (said I) my God would give
The Staidness of these things to man ! for these
To his divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace ;
The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine
Man hath still either toyes, or care,
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever restless and irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride,
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.
He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest."

BIRDS FEED ON BIRDS

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester 1648—1680

"Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey ;
But savage man alone does man betray.
Pressed by necessity, they kill for food ;
Man undoes man to do himself no good.
With teeth and claws by nature armed, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to supply their want ;
But man with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
Unhumanly his fellow's life betrays,
With voluntary pains works his distress,
Not through necessity, but wantonness.
For hunger or for love they bite or tear,
Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear ;
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
From fear to fear successively betrayed.
Base fear, the source whence his best passion came,
His boasted honour and his dear-bought fame ;
That lust of power, to which he's such a slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave ;
To which his various projects are designed,
Which make him generous, affable and kind.
Look to the bottom of his vast design,
Wherein man's wisdom, power and glory join,
The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all for fear, to make himself secure
Merely for safety after fame we thirst,
For all men would be cowards if they durst."

KNOW THEN THYSELF

Alexander Pope 1688—1744

"Know then thyself, presume not God to Scan ;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great ;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act, or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast ;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much ;
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd ;
The glory, Jest, and riddle of the world !"

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Robert Burns 1759—1796

Is there for honest Poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that.
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A Man's a Man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that.
Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o'men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that.
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that ;
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that ;
The man o' independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Gude faith, he maunna fa' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
  Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  (As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE HUMAN SEASONS

John Keats 1795—1821

Four seasons fill the measure of the year ;
  There are four seasons in the mind of man :
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
  Takes in all beauty with an easy span :

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
  Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
  Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
  He furleth close ; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
  Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
  Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

GOD BE PRAISED

George Eliot 1819—1880

"God be praised,
Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves the true,
With hand and arm that play upon the tool
As willingly as any singing bird
Sets him to sing his morning roundelay.
Because he likes to sing and likes the song."
Then Naldo ; "This a pretty kind of fame
At best, that comes of making violins :
And save no masses, either. Thou wilt go
To purgatory none the less."

But he :
"'Twere purgatory here to make them ill :
And for my fame—when any master holds

'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine.
He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
Made violins, and made them of the best.
The masters only know whose work is good :
They will choose mine, and while God gives them
skill
I give them instruments to play upon,
God choosing me to help Him."

"What ! were God
At fault for violins, thou absent ?"
"Yes :
He were at fault for Stradivari's work."
"Why, many hold Giuseppe's violins
As good as thine."
"May be : they are different,
His quality declines : he spoils his hand,
With over-drinking. But were his the best,
He could not work for two. My work is mine,
And heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God—since He is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help him . ...
'Tis God gives the skill,
But not without men's hands : He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio. Get thee to tey easel."

I THINK I COULD TURN AND LIVE WITH ANIMALS

Walt Whitman 1819—1892

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing theiry duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.
So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possession.
I wonder where they get those tokens,
Did I pass that way huge times ago and negligently drop them ?

OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME

William Henley 1849—1903

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the Shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul."

★ ★ ★

SECTION VI

WOMAN

MURDER

Juvenal 60—130 A.D.

"Monstrous their crimes ; but many years have gone
Since then, and not for profit were they done.
For even monstrous sin is not surprising
In women, when the tide of anger rising
Sweeps them away. By frenzy they are borne
Precipitate, like rocks from mountains torn
Which gather speed as down the slope they sweep
And o'er the hanging hill side madly leap.

Far worse is she who cooly counts the stakes
And on reflection murder undertakes.
Your wife will see Alcestis in the play
A willing victim throw her life away
To save Admetus. If the choice be hers
Her lap dog to her husband she prefers.
An Eriphyle now each day you'll meet,
A Clytemnestra lives in every street.

There's just one differenc. Agamemnon's wife,
When she resolved to take her husband's life,
Picked up a clumsy axe and brought it down
Both hands with all her might. Today in Town
A stupid thing like that our wives don't need :
A section of toad's lung will do the deed.
Unless of course their man against his fate is
Already fortified, like Mithridates,
By taking antidotes. If that be so
A nice sharp knife will send him down below.

SUCH WAS THE WAY, MY LORDS, YOU UNDERSTAND

Geoffrey Chaucer 1340—1400

"Such was the way, my lords, you understand
I kept my older husbands well in hand.
I told them they were drunk and their unfitness
To judge my conduct forced me to take witness
That they were lying. Johnny and my niece
Would back me up. O Lord, I wrecked their peace,
Innocent as they were, without remorse!
For I could bite and whinney like a horse
And launch complaints when things were all my fault ;
I'd have been lost if I had called a halt.

First to the mill is first to grind your corn ;
I attacked first and they were overborne ;
Glad to apologize and even suing
Pardon for what they'd never thought of doing.
One of us must be master, man or wife,
And since a man's more reasonable, he
Should be the patient one, you must agree.
But Christ ! whenever it comes back to me,
When I recall my youth and jollity,
It fairly warms the cockles of my heart !
This very day I feel a pleasure start,
Yes, I can feel it tickling at the root.
Lord, how it does me good ! I've had my fruit
I've had my world and time, I've had my fling !
But age that comes to poison every thing
Hath taken all my beauty and my pith.
Well, let it go, the devil go therewith !

FOR THIS YE KNOW WELL

Geoffrey Chaucer 1340—1400

"For this ye know well, tho I wouldin lie,
In women is all truth and steadfastness ;
For in good faith, I never of them sie
But much worship, bounty, and gentleness,
Right coming, fair, and full of meekness ;
Good and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly and angelic creature.

And if it hap a man be in disease,
She doth her business and her full pain,
With all her might him to comfort and to please,
If fro his disease him she might restrain;
In word ne deed, I wis, she woll not faine;
With all her might she doth her business
To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women have
If we could know it for our rudeness!
How busy they be us to keep and save
Both in hele and also in sickness;
And always right sorry for our distress!
In every manere thus show they ruth,
That in them is all goodness and all truth."

OF WOMAN

Richard Edwards 1523—1566

"When woman first Dame Nature wrought,
'All good', quoth she, 'none shall be nought:
All wise shall be, none shall be fools,
For wit shall spring from women's schools.
In all good gifts they shall excel;
Their nature all, no tongue can tell;
Thus Nature said. I heard it; I;
I pray you, ask them if I do lie.

By Nature's grant, this must ensue—
No woman false, but all are true;
None sow debate, but love maintain;
None joys to see her lover's pain;
As turtles true, their chosen one
They love, and pine where he is gone.
This is most true, none can deny,
I pray you, ask them if I do lie.

No lamb so meek as woman be;
Their humble hearts from pride are free:
Rich things they wear, and wot you why?
Only to please their husband's eye.
They never strive their wills to have;
Their husband's love, nought else, they crave;
Vain talk in them none can espy;
I pray you ask them if I do lie.

If vice the earth should overcome,
And no wight left under the sun;
If wealth would wring the poor; and might,
With open force, would suppress right,
If no rule were left on the ground,
In women yet it might be found.
The star of goodness in them doth lie:
I pray you, ask them if I do lie.

The eagle with his piercing eye
Shall burn and waste the mountains high;
Huge rocks shall fleet as ship with sail;
The crab shall run; swim shall the snail;

Springs shall return from whence they came
Sheep shall be wild, and tigers tame,
Or these my words false you shall try—
Ha, ha ! me thinks I make a lie.

WHO IS SILVIA ?

William Shakespeare 1564—1616

"Who is Silvia ? What is she ?
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
To her let us garlands bring."

GO AND CATCH A FALLING STAR

John Donne 1572—1631

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,
  Such a Pilgrimage were sweet ;
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
  Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter.

Yet shee
Will bee

False, ere I come, to two,, or three.

PERFECT WOMAN

William Wordsworth 1770 – 1850

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancng shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view.
A spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

———

MAN'S LOVE

Lord Byron 1788—1824

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mast,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart ;
And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

John Keats 1795—1821

O What can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew,

And on thy cheek a fading rose
   Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
   Full beautiful---a faery's child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
   And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
   And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She looked at me as she did love,
   And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
   And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
   A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
   And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said
   "I lov e thee true !"

She took me to her elfin grot,
   And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
   With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
   And there I dreamed—ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dreamed
   On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too.
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ,
They cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall !"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam.
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing.

CLEOPATRA DYING

(Anonymous)

Sinks the sun below the desert,
Golden glows the sluggish Nile ;
Purple flame crowns Spring and Temple,
Lights up every ancient pile
Where the old gods now are sleeping ;
Isis and Osiris great,
Guard me, help me, give me courage
Like a Queen to meet my fate.

..I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Let the Caesar's army come--
I will cheat him of his glory,
Though beyond the Styx I roam ;
Shall he drag this beauty with him—
While the crowd his triumph sings ?
No, no, never ! I will show him
What lies in the blood of Kings.

Though he hold the golden sceptre,
Rule the Pharaoh's sunny land,
Where old Nilus rolls resistless
Through the sweeps of silvery sand—
He shall never say I met him
Fawning, abject, like a slave—
I will foil him, though to do it
I must cross the Stygian wave.

Oh, my hero, sleeping, sleeping—
Shall I meet you on the shore
Of Plutonian shadows ? Shall we
In death meet and love once more ?
See, I follow in your footsteps—
Scorn the Caesar in his might ;
For your love I will leap boldly
Into realms of death and night.

Down below the desert sinking,
Fades Apollo's brilliant car :
And from out the distant azure
Breaks the bright gleam of a star.

Venus, Queen of Love and Beauty,
Welcomes me to death's embrace,
Dying free, proud, and triumphant,
The last sovereign of my race.

Dying, dying ! I am coming,
Oh, my hero, to your arms ;
You will welcome me, I know it—
Guard me from all rude alarms.
Hark ! I hear the legions coming,
Hear the cries of triumph swell,
But, proud Caesar, dead I scorn you—
Egypt, Antony, farewell.

WOMAN

Coventry Patmore 1823—1896

"A woman is a foreign land,
Of which, though there he settle young,
A man will ne'er quite understand
The customs, politics and tongue ;
The foolish hie them post-haste thro',
See fashions odd and prospects fair,
Learn of the language *How d'ye do ?*
And go and brag they have been there.
The most for leave to trade apply
For once at Empire's seat, her heart,

Then get what knowledge ear and eye
Glean chancewise in the life-long mart.
And certain others, few and fit,
Attach them to the Court and see
The Country's best, its account hit,
And partly sound its Polity.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Lena Lathrop (*Modern poet*)

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above ?
A woman's heart, and a woman's life—
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy ?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out ;
Manlike, you have questioned me.
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall be always hot
Your socks and your shirt be whole ;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars
And as pure as His heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing ;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that his Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did on the first
And say : "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose may fade
From my soft young cheek one day ;
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mong the blossoms of May ?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide ?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be :
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this, a laundress and cook
You can hire and little to pay ;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are nht to be won that way."

★ ★ ★

SECTION VII

ANIMAL

EPITAPH TO A DOG

Lord Byron 1788—1824

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below.
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been,
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, formost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth |
While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.

Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power—
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust !
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Yet, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

THE POWER OF THE DOG

Rudyard Kipling 1865—1936

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day ;
And when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more ?
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie—
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.

Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years which Nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits.
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find—it's your own affair—
But......you've given your heart to a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will,
With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still);
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear.

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay.
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent.
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve:
For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short time loan is as bad as a long—
So why in—Heaven (before we are there)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?

THE CURATE THINKS YOU HAVE NO SOUL

St. Jo'in Lucas
(Modern English Poet)

The curate thinks you have no soul ;
  I know that he has none. But you,
Dear friend, whose solemn self-control,
  In our foursquare familiar pew,
Was pattern to my youth—whose bark
  Called me in summer dawns to rove—
Have you gone down into the dark
  Where none is welcome—none may love ?
I will not think those good brown eyes
  Have spent their life of truth so soon ;
But in some canine paradise
  Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon,
And quarters every plain and hill,
  Seeking his master......As for me,
This prayer at least the gods fulfill :
  That when I pass the flood and see
Old Charon by the Stygian coast
  Take toll of all the shades who land,
Your little, faithful, barking ghost
  May leap to lick my phantom hand.

BISHOP DOANE ON HIS DOG

George Washington Doane
(Modern American Poet)

I am quite sure he thinks that I ma God—
Since he is God on whom each one depends
For life, and all things that His bounty sends—
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends ;
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I
To Him whom God I know and own ; his eye,
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod ;
He is more patient underneath the rod
Than I, when God His wise corrections sends.

He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake ;
And from me never crumb nor sup will take
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail ;
And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear,
He is content and quiet, if I am near,
Secure that my protection will prevail.
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

I THINK I KNOW NO FINER THINGS THAN DOGS

Hally Carrington Brent
(Modern American Poet)

**Though prejudice perhaps my mind befogs,
I think I know no finer things than dogs :
The young ones, they of gay and bounding heart,
Who lure us in their games to take a part,
Who with mock tragedy their antics cloak
And, from their wild eyes' tail, admit the joke ;
The old ones, with their wistful, fading eyes,
They who desire no further paradise
Than the warm comfort of our smile and hand,
Who tune their moods to ours and understand
Each word and gesture ; they who lie and wait
To welcome us—with no rebuke if late.
Sublime the love they bear ; but ask to live
Close to our feet, unrecompensed to give ;
Beside which many men seem very logs—
I think I know no finer things than dogs.**

MY DOG

John Kendrick Bangs
(Modern American Poet)

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through,
With love unspeakable and true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core,
With eyes all eager, pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield, and grant the same to him.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait ;
It may be by some garden gate.
With eyes alert and tail attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

THE LITTLE CAT ANGEL

Leontine Stanfield
(Modern American Poet)

The ghost of a little white kitten
Crying mournfully, early and late,
Distracted St. Peter, the watchman,
As he guarded the heavenly gate.
"Say, what do you mean," said his saintship,
"Coming here and behaving like that ?"
"I want to see Nellie, my missus",
Sobbed the wee little ghost of a cat.

"I know she's not happy without me,
Won't you open and let me go in ?"
"Begone," gasped the horrified watchman,
"Why the very idea is a sin ;
I open the gate to good angels,
Not to stray little beggars like you."
"All right," mewed the little white kitten,
"Though a cat I'm a good angel, too."
Amazed at so bold an assertion,
But aware that he must make no mistake,
In silence, St. Peter long pondered,
For his name and repute were at stake,
Then placing the cat in his bosom
With a "Whist now, and say all your prayers,"
He opened the heavenly portals
And ascended the bright golden stairs.
A little girl angel came flying,
"That's my kitty, St. Peter," she cried.
And, seeing the joy of their meeting,
Peter let the cat angel abide.

This tale is the tale of a kitten
Dwelling now with the blessed above,
It vanquished grim Death and High Heaven
For the name of the kitten was Love.

I AM THE CAT

Leila Usher
(Modern American Poet)

In Egypt they worshiped me—
 I am the Cat.
Because I bend not to the will of man
 They call me a mystery.
When I catch and play with a mouse,
 They call me cruel,
Yet they take animals to keep
 In parks and zoos, that they may gape at them.
Nay, more, they persecute their own human creatures;
They shoot, they hang, they torture them,
 Yet dare to call me cruel.
Could they but see themselves
 As I, the Cat, see them,
These human creatures, bereft of all freedom,
 Who follow in the ruts others made
Long ages gone!
 Who have rings in their noses,
Yet know it not.
 They hate me, the Cat,
Because, forsooth, I do not love them.
 Do they love me?
They think all animals are made for their pleasure,
 To be their slaves.
And, while I kill only for my needs,
 They kill for pleasure, power and gold,

And then pretend to a superiority !
  Why should I love them ?
I, the Cat, whose ancestors
  Proudly trod the jungle.
Not one ever tamed by man.
  Ah, do they know
That the same immortal hand
  That gave them breath, gave breath to me ?
But I alone am free—
  I am THE CAT.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE

Caroline Norton
(Modern American Poet)

My Beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed ;
I may not mount on thee again,—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed !
Fret not with that impatient hoof,—snuff not the breezy wind,—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind :

The stranger hath thy bridle-rein,—thy master hath *his* gold,—
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, farewell ; thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell ! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home ;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bread prepare,
The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care !
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be ;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home,—from all of these my exiled one must fly ;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright

Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt *sold* my Arab steed !

Ah ! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side :
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.
Will they ill use thee ? If I thought—but no, it cannot be,—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd ; so gentle, yet so free ;
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,—
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee to return ?

Return ! alas ! my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanish'd from his view ?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears ;

Slow and unmounted shall I roam with weary step alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fever'd dream is o'er'—
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful!—for hunger's power is strong,—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false,—'tis false! my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

SECTION VIII

MACHINES

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

Rudyard Kipling 1865—1936

We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,
  We were melted in the furnace and the pit—
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,
  We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.
Some water, coal and oil is all we ask,
  And a thousandth of an inch to give us play ;
And now, if you will set us to our task,
  We will serve you four and twenty hours a day !

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
We can run and race and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write !

Would you call a friend from half across the world ?
  If you'll let us have his name and town and state,
You shall see and hear your crackling question hurled
  Across the arch of heaven while you wait.

Has he answered ? Does he need you at his side ?
You can start this very evening if you choose,
And take the western Ocean in the stride
Of seventy thousand horses and some screws !

The boat—express is waiting your command !
You will find the Mauretania at the quay,
Till her captain turns the lever'neath his hand,
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

Do you wish to make the mountains bare their head
And lay their new-cut forests at your feet ?
Do you want to turn a river in its bed,
Or plant a barren wilderness with wheat ?
Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,
To work the mills and tramways in your town,
And irrigate your orchards as it flows ?

It is easy ! Give us dynamite and drills !
Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and quake
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,
And the valley we have dammed becomes a lake.

But remember, please, the Law by which we live,
We are not built to comprehend a lie,
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive,
If you make a slip in handling us you die !
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings—
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods !—
Our touch can alter all created things,
We are everything on earth—except the Gods !

Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your
eyes,
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
Because, for all our power and weight and size,
We are nothing more than childrsn of your brain !

PORTRAIT OF A MACHINE

Louis Untermeyer
(Modern English Poet)

"What nudity as beautiful as this
Obedient monster purring at its toil ;
Those naked iron muscles dripping oil,
And the sure-fingered rods that never miss ?
This long and shining flank of metal is
Magic that greasy labour cannot spoil ;
While this vast engine that could rend the soil
Conceals its fury with a gentle hiss.
It does not vent its loathing, it does not turn
Upon its makers with destroying hate.
It bears a deeper malice ; lives to earn
Its master's bread and laughs to see this great
Lord of the earth, who rules but cannot learn,
Become the slave of what his slaves create."

TO IRON FOUNDERS AND OTHERS

Gordon Bottomley
(Modern English Poet)

"When you destroy a blade of grass
You poison England at her roots :
Remember no man's foot can pass
Where evermore no green life shoots.

You force the birds to wing too high
Where your unnatural vapours creep :
Surely the living rock shall die
When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament
And yet no heaven is more near ;
You shape huge deeds without event,
And half-made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces,
While, like old idols, lost obscenes,
Have molten bowels, your vision is
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,
Preparing destinies of rust ;
Iron misused must turn to blight
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,
But plants that spring in ruins and shards
Attend until your dream is done :
I have seen hemlock in your yards."

THE EXPRESS

Stephen Spender
(Modern English Poet)

After the first powerful plain manifesto
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.
Without bowing and with restrained unconcern
She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside,
The gasworks, and at last the heavy page
Of death, printed by gravestones in the cemetery.
Beyond the town there lies the open country
Where, gathering speed, she acquires mystery,
The luminous self-possession of ships on ocean.
It is now she begins to sing—at first quite low
Then loud, and at last with a jazzy madness—
The song of her whistle screaming at curves,
Of deafening tunnels, brakes, innumerable bolts.
And always light, aerial, underneath,
Goes the elate metre of her wheels.
Steaming through metal landscape on her lines,
She plunges new eras of wild happiness,
Where speed throws up strange shapes, broad curves
And parallels clean like the steel of guns.
At last, further than Edinburgh or Rome,
Beyond the crest of the world, she reaches night
Where only a low stream-line brightness
Of phosphorus on the tossing hills is light.
Ah, like a comet through flame, she moves entranced,
Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough
Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal.

"TIME GENTLEMEN, TIME!"

O. ST.J. Gcgarty
(Modern English poet)

"O would not life be charming
Could we get rid of clocks,
The still ones and alarming
That break on sleep with shocks,

Then it would be respected
And worthier far of Man
Than when by springs directed
From gold or a tin can.

Why should Man's life be reckoned
By anything so queer
As that which splits the second
But cannot tell the year?

If we got rid of watches
The trains would cease to run,
We could not fight a battle ship
Or aim a battle gun,

Nor tune the little engines
Which fill the towns with fumes
And send men with a vengeance
(Quite rightly) to their tombs.

Our stars know naught of watches,
There's not a wind that wists
Of mischief that Time hatches
When handcuffed to our wrists.

'T would make a devil chortle
To see how all the clean
Free souls God made immortal
Must march to a machine.

It makes me wonder whether
In this grim pantomime
Did fiend or man first blether:
' Time, Gentlemen, Time !'

We must throw out the timing
That turns men into gnomes,
Of piece-work and of miming
That fills the mental homes.

O make the heart Time's measure
Because, the more it beats,
The more Life fills with pleasure
With songs or sturdy feats ;

Our clocks our lives are cheating
They go, and ground we give ;
The higher the heart's beating
The higher then we live."

JOURNEY

Harold Monro
(Modern English Poet)

I

How many times I nearly miss the train
By running up the staircase once again
For some dear trifle almost left behind.
At that last moment the unwary mind
Forgets the solemn tick of station-time;
That muddy lane the feet must climb—
The bridge—the ticket—signal down—
Train just emerging beyond the town:
The great blue engine panting as it takes
The final curve, and grinding on it brakes
Up to the platform-edge....The little doors
Swing open, while the burly pòrter roars.
The tight compartment fills: our careful eyes
Go to explore each other's destinies.
A lull. The station-master waves. The train
Gathers, and grips, and takes the rails again,
Moves to the shining open land, and soon
Begins to tittle-tattle a tame tattoon.

II

They ramble through the country-side,
Dear gentle monsters, and we ride
Pleasantly seated—so we sink
Into a torpor on the brink

Of thought, or read our books, and understand
Half them and half the backward-gliding land :
(Trees in a dance all twirling round ;
Large rivers flowing with no sound ;
The scattered images of town and field,
Shining flowers half concealed.)
And, having settled to an equal rate,
They swing the curve and straighten to the straight,
Curtail their stride and gather up their joints,
Snort, dwindle their steam for the noisy points,
Leap them in safety, and, the other side,
Loop again to an even stride.

The long train moves : we move in it along.
Like an old ballad, or an endless song,
It drones and wimbles its unwearied croon—
Croons, drones, and mumbles all the afternoon.

Towns with their fifty chimneys close and high,
Wreathed in great smoke between the earth and sky,
It hurtles through them, and you think it must
Halt—but it shrieks and sputters them with dust,
Cracks like a bullet through their big affairs,
Rushes the station-bridge, and disappears,
Out to the suburb, laying bare
Each garden trimmed with pitiful care ;
Children are caught at idle play,
Held a moment, and thrown away.
Nearly everyone looks round.
Some dignified inhabitant is found
Right in the middle of the commonplace—
Buttoning his trousers, or washing his face.'

III

Oh, the wild engine ! Every time I sit
In any train I must remember it.
The way it smashes through the air ; its great
Petulant majesty and terrible rate :
Driving the ground before it, with those round
Feet pounding, eating, covering the ground ;
The piston using up the white steam so
You connot watch it when it come or go ;
The cutting, the embankment ; how it takes
The tunnels, and the clatter that it makes ;
So careful of the train and of the track,
Guiding us out, or helping us go back ;
Breasting its destination : at the close
Yawning, and slowly dropping to a doze.

IV

We who have looked each other in the eyes
This journey long, and trundled with the train,
Now to our separate purposes must rise,
Becoming decent strangers once again.
This little chamber we have made our home
In which we so conveniently abode,
The complicated journey we have come,
Must be an unremembered episode.
Our common purpose made us all like friends.
How suddenly it ends !
A nod, a murmur, or a little smile,
Or often nothing, and away we file.

I hate to leave you, comrades. I will stay
To watch you drift apart and pass away.
It seems impossible to go and meet
All those strange eyes of people in the street.
But, like some proud unconscious god, the train
Gathers us up and scatters us again.

IN THE TRAIN

V De Sola Pinto
(Modern English Poet)

I am in a long train gliding through England,
Gliding past green fields and gentle grey willows,
Past huge dark elms and meadows full of buttercups;
And old farms dreaming among mossy apple trees.

Now we are in a dingy town of small ugly houses
And tin advertisements of cocoa and Sunlight Soap,
Now we ars in dreary station built of coffee-coloured wood,
Where barmaids in black stand in empty Refreshment Rooms,
And shabby old women sit on benches with suitcases.

Now we are by sidings where coaltrucks lurk disconsolate
Bright skies overarch us with shining cloud palaces,

Sunshine flashes on canals, and then the rain comes
Silver rain from grey skies lashing our window
panes ;
Then it is bright again and white smoke is blowing
Gaily over a pale blue sky among the telegraph wires.

Northward we rush under bridges, up gradients,
Through black, smoky tunnels, over iron viaducts,
Past platelayers and signal boxes, factories and
warehouses ;
Afternoon is fading among the tall brick chimney-
stacks
In the murky Midlands where meadows grow more
colourless.
Northward, O train, you rush, resolute, invincible,
Northward to the night where your banner of flying
smoke
Will glow in the darkness with burning spark and
ruddy flame.

Be the train, my life, see the shining meadows,
Glance at the quiet farms, the gardens and shady
lanes,
But do not linger by them, look at the dingy misery
Of all those silly towns, see it, hate it and remember it
But never accept it. You must only accept your own
road :
The strong unchanging steel rails of necessity,
The ardent power that drives you towards night and
the unknown terminus.

SECTION IX

DEATH

SECTION IX

DEATH

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

William Shakespeare 1564—1616

To be, or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;
To sleep ! perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of ?

FEAR NO MORE

William Shakespeare 1564—1616

"Fear no more the heat o' the Sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages ;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak ;
The Sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee. and come to dust.
No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned by thy grave."

DEATH

John Donne 1572—1631

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so :
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death : nor yet canst thou kill me.
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow ;
And soonest our best men with thee do go.
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery !
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell ;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then ?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die.'

DEATH THE LEVELLER

James Shirley 1596 - 1666

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against Fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds !

Upon deaih's purple alter now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD

Thomas Gray 1716—1771

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her eveninig care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to eestasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless lenght at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose.)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ROSE AYLMER

Walter Savage Landor 1775—1864

AH, what avails the sceptred race !
Ah, what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS

John Keats 1795—1821

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled boks, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain ;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And feel that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love ; ---then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till love and fame to notingness do sink,

CROSSING THE BAR

Alfred Bar-Tennyson **1809—1892**

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of he bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark ;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crost the bar.

FEAR DEATH

Robert Browning 1812 - 1889

Fear death ? ---to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so-one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end.
And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

COME LOVELY AND SOOTHING DEATH

Walt Whitman 1819—1892

Come, lovely and soothing death.
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving
arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each
Sooner or later delicate death.
Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge
curious.

And for love, sweet love--but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure enwinding arms of cool enfolding death.
Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest
welcome?
Then I chant it for thee. I glorify thee above all.
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed
come, come unfalteringly.
Approach, strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I
joyously sing the dead.
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.
From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee,
adornments and feastings for thee
And the sights of the open landscape and the
high-spread sky are fitting.
And life and the fields, and the huge and
thoughtful night.
The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering
wave whose voice I know.
And the soul turning to thee, O vast well
veil'd death.
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.
Over the tree tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the
myriad fields and the prairies wide.
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming
wharves and ways
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST

Christina Rossetti 1830—1894

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:

Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

FROM TOO MUCH LOVE OF LIVING

Algernon Charles Swinburne 1837—1909

From too much love of living
From hope and fear set free :
We thank with brief thanks giving
Whatever gods may be

That no life lives for ever ;
That dead men rise up never ;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light ;
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight ;

Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal ;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

A LATE LARK TWITTERS

William Ernest Henley 1849 – 1903

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies
And from the west.
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.
The smoke ascends
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night,
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.
So be my passing!
My task accomplish'd and the long day done.
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing.
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death,

THEY ARE NOT LONG THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER

Ernest Dowson, 1867 1900

"They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate :
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.
They are not long, the days of wine and roses ;
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream."

SECTION X

GOD

THEY ARE NOT LONG THE WEEPING AND THE LAUGHTER

Ernest Dowson, 1867–1900

"They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate:
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.
They are not long, the days of wine and roses,
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream."

THE SOUL'S SEARCH FOR GOD

Thomas Heywood (Died 1650)

I sought thee round about,.O thou my God,
 To find thy abode :
I said unto the Earth, "Speak, art thou He ?"
 She answered me,
'I am not.' I enquired of creatures all,
 In general,
Contained therein : they with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.
I asked the seas, and all the deeps below,
 My God to know ;
I asked the reptiles, and whatever is
 In the abyss :
Even from the shrimp to the Leviathan
 My enquiry ran :
But in those deserts, which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the Air, if that were He, but know
    It told me, 'No' :
I from the towering eagle to the wren
    Demanded thee,
If any feathered fowl 'mong them were such
    But they, all much
Offended at my question, in full quire
Answered, to find my God I must look higher.

And now, my God, by thy illumining graces
    Thy glorious face
(So far forth as thou wilt discovered be)
    Methinks I see :
And though invisible and infinite,
    To human sight
Thou in thy Mercy, Justice, Truth, appearest,
In which to our frail senses thou com'st nearest.

O, make us apt to seek and quick to find,
    Thou God most kind.
Give us Love, Hope and Faith in thee to trust
    Thou God most Just.
Remit all our offences, we entreat,
    Most Good, most Great.
Grant that our willing though unworthy quest
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

LOVE BADE ME WELCOME

George Herbert 1.93—1633

Love bade me welcome ; yet my soul drew back,
    Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick ey'd Love, observiug me grow slack
    From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
    If I lack'd anything.

"A guest," I answer'd, "worthy to be here" ;
    Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful ? Ah, my dear,
    I annot look on Thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply
    "Who made the eyes but I ?"

"Truth, Lord ; but I have marr'd them, let my shame
    Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "Who bore the blame ?"
    "My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste My meat,"
    So I did sit and eat.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT

George Herbert 1593—1633

"Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness ? It was gone
Quite underground : as flowers depart
To see their mother root, when they have blown,
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.
These are thy wonders, Lord of Power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour ;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We said amiss
This or that is :
Thy word is all, if we could spell.
And now in age I bud again
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain
And relish versing ; O my only Light !
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night."

MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRY

Henry Vaughan 1622—1695

My soul, there is a country
    Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
    All skilful in the wars ;
There, above noise and danger,
    Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
    Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
    And---O my soul, awake !—
Did in pure love descend
    To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
    There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
    Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
    For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
    Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

DEAR NIGHT! THIS WORLD'S DEFEAT

Henry Vaughan 1622—1695

"Dear night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busy fools ; Care's check and curb ;
The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat,
Which none disturb !
Christ's progress and his prayer time ;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime ;
God's silent searching flight ;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
His still, soft call ;
His knocking time ; the soul's dumb watch
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent ;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, andnever wander here.
But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To every mire,
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more then I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling drakness ; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear ;
O for that night ! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim."

ALL ARE BUT PARTS OF ONE STUPENDOUS WHOLE

Alexander Pope 1688—1744

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame ;
Warms in the sun. refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns ;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name ;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame,

Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear ;
Safe in the hand of one dísposing Pow'r.
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good :
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

TO SEE A WORLD IN A GRAIN OF SAND

William Blake 1787—1827

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.
A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.

A dog starv'd at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State.
A horse misus'd upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear.
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing.
The game-cock clipped and arm'd for fight
Does the rising sun affright.
Every wolf 's and lion's howl
Raises from Hell a human soul.
The wild deer, wandering here and there,
Keeps the human soul from care.
The lamb misus'd breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife...
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be belov'd by men.

God appears, and God is light
To those poor souls who dwell in Night ;
But does a Human Form display
To those who dwell in realms of Day.

TO MERCY, PITY, PEACE AND LOVE

William Blake 1787—1827

"To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is God, our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is man, His child and Care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too."

STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE

Alfred Tennyson 1809—1892

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face ;
By faith, and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou will not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him ; Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou ;
Our wills arr ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be.
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, are more than they.

We have but faith ; we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee
A beam in darkness ; let it grow."

NO COWARD SOUL IS MINE

Emily Bronte 1818—1848

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere ;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as wither'd weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
So surely anchor'd on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes cease to be,
And thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again !

THE WORLD IS CHARGED WITH THE GRADEUR OF GOD

Gerard Manley Hopkins 1844—1889

"The world is charged with the grandeur of God
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil,
It gathers to greatness like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reek his rod ?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod ;
And all is seared with trade ; bleared, smeared with toil,

And bears man's smudge, and shares man's smell ; the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel being shod.
And for all this, nature is never spent ;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things ;
And though the last lights from the black west went,
Oh, morning at the brown brink eastward springs
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast, and with, ah, bright wings."

GOD SPEAKS : FREEDOM

Charles Peguy 1873—1914

When you love someone, you love him as he is.
I alone am perfect.
It is probably for that reason
That I know what perfection is
And that I demand less perfection of those poor people.
I know how difficult it is.
And how often, when they are struggling in their trials,
How often do I wish and am I tempted to put my hand under their stomachs

In order to hold them up with my big hand
Just like a father teaching his son how to swim
In the current of the river
And who is divided between two ways of thinking.
For on the one hand, if he holds him up all the time
and if he holds him up too much,
The child will depend on this and will never learn
how to swim.
But if he doesn't hold him up just at the right
moment
That child is bound to swallow more water than is
healthy for him.
In the same way, when I teach them how to swim
amid their trials
I too am divided by two ways of thinking.
Because if I am always holding them up, if I hold
them up too often,
They will never learn how to swim by themselves,
But if I don't hold them up just at the right
moment,
Perhaps those poor children will swallow more
water than is healthy for them.
Such is the difficulty, and it is a great one.
And such is the doubleness itself, the two faces of the
problem.
On the one hand, they must work out their salvation
for themselves,
That is the rule.
It allows of no exception. Otherwise it would not be
interesting.
They would not be men.

Now I want them to be manly, to be men, and to
win by themselves
Their spurs of knighthood.
On the other hand, they must not swallow more
water than is healthy for them,
Having made a dive into the ingratitude of sin.
Such is the mystery of man's freedom, says God,
And the mystery of my government towards him and
towards his freedom.
If I hold him up too much, he is no longer free
And if I don't hold him up sufficiently, I am endanger-
ing his salvation.
Two goods in a sense almost equally precious
For salvation is of infinite price.
But what kind of salvation would a salvation be that
was not free ?
What would you call it?
We want that salvation to be acquired by himself,
Himself, man. To be procured by himself.
To come, in a sense, from himself. Such is the
secret,
Such is the mystery of man's freedom.
Because I myself am free, says God, and I have
created man in my own image and likeness.
Such is the mystery, such the secret, such the price
Of all freedom.
That freedom of that creature is the most beautiful
reflection in this world

Of the Creator's freedom. That is why we are so attached to it,
And set a proper price on it.
A salvation that was not free, that was not, that did not come from a free man could in no wise be attractive to us.
What would it amount to ?
What would it mean ?
What interest would such a salvation have to offer ?
A beatitude of slaves, a salvation of slaves, a slavish beatitude, how do you expect me to be interested in that kind of thing ?
Does one care to be loved by slaves ?
If it were only a matter of proving my might, my might has no need of those slaves, my might is well enough known,
It is sufficiently known that I am the Almighty.
My might is manifest enough in the sands of the sea and in the stars of heaven.
It is not questioned, it is known, it is manifest enough in inanimate creation.
It is manifest enough in the Government,
In the very event that is man.
But in my crearion which is endued with life, says God, I wanted something better, I wanted something more.

Infinitely better. Infinitely more. For I wanted that
freedom.
I created that very freedom. There are several
degrees to my throne.
When you once have known what it is to be loved
freely, submission no longer has any taste.
All the prostrations in the world
Are not worth the beautiful upright attitude of a
free man as he kneels. All the submission, all the
dejection in the world
Are not equal in value to the soaring up point,
The beautiful straight soaring up of one single
invocation
From a love that is free.

COMMENTARIES

LOVE

Perhaps the only partially successful way of understanding the meaning of the experience of "love" is to read the poems themselves rather than explain them through words. Words are labels that simplify. They are useful in practical life ; without them, our thinking could neither give shape to ideas nor make use of them. But they are also snares and often lead us into error, particularly when they deal with 'love'. The word love is one that conceals the most dangerous pitfalls. The label covers a whole psycho-physiological-metaphysical world of extreme complexity. The word being the same, human beings are tempted to take experiences which the poets wish to communicate to be identical. The word is mistakenly attached by the reader to experiences that are quite different, sometimes even opposed. In a brilliant analysis of what men call love, Aldous Huxley, in his characteristic style, points out that even the 'sounds' which represent the experience, in different languages, very subtly suggest the variety and complexity of the theme. The French word for love 'Amour'—that long on sound with the rolled *r* at the end of it, is so different from the typically English emotion connoted by the word 'love', charac-

teristically non-committal, diffident, at times almost sexless, illustrating the English reluctance to call a spade a spade. In the French 'Amour' you have to push your lips into a snout-like formation, as though you were going to kiss. Then, briskly, *rrr*—you growl which is expressive of the lasciviousness which passes for love in nine-tenths of French literature. On the other hand, the German 'Liebe' has a languishing, moonlit, sentimental sound : the long *ie* and the bleating labial by which it is followed—*be, be.* All German romanticism is implied in the sound of the word ! In the Italian "Amore" you fairly sing the second syllable, in a baritone voice, from the chest : an apt and expressive experience of passion.

Amour, connotes lasciviousness, *Liebe* sentiment, *Amore*, passion. How inadequate are words which do not, and cannot, exactly correspond to the experience they are talking about ! The English word 'Love' does not even make the simple Greek distinction between *erao* and *philo, eros* and *agape*.

To the English everything is just love, whether it is self-sacrificing or possessive, whether it is friendship or lust or homicidal lunacy. The love of man for woman, the love of God, God's love for us, the saint's love for his followers, the sex-act of the rapist described as making love, followed by murder ! Is there really anything in common between what the word stands for in many of our human contexts and what it stands for in the context of the Buddha's love for all sentient beings ? Perhaps we shall have to invent a special algebra of the experience of love—love of God

is X—love ; love of a friend is Y—love, the various kinds of love between men and women are B—Love, C—Love, D—Love, and so on. All this may sound ridiculous, and yet it is not so ridiculous after all, when you remind yourself that there are so many different kinds of love even among men and women—passion-love, sympathy-love, sensual-love, vanity-love, benevolent love, appetitive love, adoration. What kind of love was Keats 'talking about when he wrote ? "I have been astonished that men could die for religion—I have shuddered at it. I shudder no more—I could be martyred for my religion. Love is my religion—I could die for that." Thus, our master words, symbols for all that is near and dear, for all that we dislike or despise, are infact, richly autobiographical.

Isn't it a fact that particular words fall out of fashion ? This is often due to the depreciaton of what they once signified.

"Those quaint victorian words—
Grandams in miniature !
Pious, amiable, *reserved, serene*,
Modest, Sedate, *demure* :
Mental poke-bonnets ! and no less effete.
Why, even their meanings now are obsolete.

So with honest, respectable, humble ; what once was silver now is nickel.

But apart from this deterioration, we have positively lost many useful and attractive old love-words and phrases : *love-lad, love-lass, love-mate* ; *loveling* ; lovering; love-worth. Words which were once used for women are now usually reserved for objects—dishes,

strains of music. Seductive, for example. Desirable is used for 'residences'. The lowest depth of pitiful insufficiency in language is reached when we moderns use sex as a verb of the active mood.

Perhaps, as T. S. Eliot observes, what is true is true only of one place and of one time. But human nature, some of us protest, does not change from generation to generation. May be human nature does not change, but human nurture does, and literature (particularly poetry) has to take special account of these minute variations in sensibility. The artist seeks a concrete realization of life, which can only be given in terms of Nurture, that is to say in terms of some particular age and civilization. In the context of the gay Vienna of the 18th century, even love was made lovelier because Schubert sang about it. Love, like other human feelings, is a group of related ideas and emotional aptitudes, with a whole history of social organization and human imagination behind it. It is not merely a fact in nature of which we become aware, but an imaginative creation of the human mind, a complex of illusions.

The history of love, if it were ever written, would be like the current histories of art and literature, a record of succeeding 'styles' and 'schools' of 'influences' 'revolutions,' 'fashions'. Romantic love, as understood in Europe, is a case in point. The Greeks and the Romans seldom idealized man's relations with woman. Romantic love as we understand it from specimens of European literature and poetry, appeared at the end of the eleventh century in Provence (South of France) ; it

evolved out of the feudal ideals of Lord and Vassal on the one hand, and the christian ideal of the Madonna. It was the Troubadours of eleventh century Provence who discovered that romantic species of passion with which we are so familiar in the work of English poets since Chaucer. When Christianity was applied to the feudal relations of society, the worship of the virgin was confused with love of woman and that love was made a cult not far removed from idolatory. The lover came to regard his mistress partly with the adoration which he lavished upon the Virgin, partly with the loyalty due to his lord, and partly with the jealous devotion of the male. But there was one dominant motif in this romantic love: fatality. "My Lord, if you would hear a high tale of love and death." So begins the Romance of Tristan and Iseult, the key words being 'love' and 'death'. Love and death, a fatal love—in these phrases is summed up the history of romantic love poetry. Happy love has no history. Romance only comes into existence where love is fatal, frowned upon and doomed by life itself. What stirs these poets to their finest flights is neither the delight of the senses nor the fruitful contentment of the settled couple ; not the satisfaction of love, but its passion. And passion means suffering. There we have the fundamental fact. One may wonder whether strictly speaking Tristan and Iseult love one another. Perhaps what they love is love and being in love. They behave as if aware that whatever obstructs love must ensure and consolidate it in the heart of each and intensify it infinitely in the moment they reach the absolute obstacle which is death.

Tristan loves the awareness that he is loving far more than he loves Iseult the Fair. And Iseult does nothing to hold Tristan. All she needs is her passionate dream. Their need of one another is in order to be aflame, and they do not need one another as they are. What they need is not one another's presence, but one another's absence. Thus the partings of the lovers are dictated by their passion itself, and by the love they bestow on their passion rather than on its satisfaction or on its living object. How different is this conception of love from the christian *Agape*, which is created by the act of communion. For a real communion there are certainly required two participants, each present to the other. Desire loses its absolute hold over us the moment we cease to deify it. This is attested by the display of fidelity in marriage (wedded love). For the foundation of this fidelity is an initial refusal on oath to cultivate the illusion of passion. In the matter of wedlock christianity has asserted the complete equality of the sexes: "The wife hath not power of her own body, but the husband; and likewise also the husband hath not power of his own body, but the wife." (St. Paul). Thus Christian wedlock is the victory of Agape over Eros. For a truly mutual love exacts and creates the equality of those loving one another. God showed his love for man by exacting that man should be holy even as God is holy'. And a man gives evidence of his love for a woman by treating her as a completely human person, not as if she were the spirit of the legend—half-goddess, half bacchante, a compound of dreams and sex. A man truly loves a woman only

when he apprehends the presence of an actual person in a woman. Infidelity deprives a woman of her equality by reducing her to sex—which is an emptying of human relations of personality. Thus marriage becomes an institution in which passion is contained ; not by morals but by love. And what about the latest fashion in love, which is different both from the romantic Eros and the christian Agape ? Love has ceased to be the rather fearful, mysterious thing it was, and become a perfectly normal, almost commonplace activity—an activity for many young people of the same nature as dancing or tennis, a sport, a recreation, a pastime. Psychoanalysis encourages the modern young men and women to believe that all forms of sexual behaviour previously regarded as wicked, perverse, unnatural, are statistically normal (and normality is solely a question of statistics).

We are witnessing therefore a strenuous offensive against the old taboos and repressions which inflicted unnecessary and undeserved sufferings on the many human beings whose love making did not conform to the christian—romantic pattern which was regarded as being uniquely entitled to call itself Love. There is something to be said for this portest, but alas, the new conception has its own tragedy : the tragedy of taking love too easily and lightly. On love regarded as an amusement the best judgement was pronounced by Robert Burns :

"I waive the quantum of the Sin,
The hazard of concealing ;

But oh ! it hardens all within
And petrifies the feeling."

Nothing is more dreadful than a cold, unimpassioned indulgence. The modern fashion of love infallibly becomes cold and unimpassioned when it is too lightly made. It is not good, as Pascal ramarked, to have too much liberty. Unrestrained indulgence kills not merely passion, but in the end, even amusement. A love that is psychologically too easy ceases to be interesting.

"To speak of shame, what is it ?
Of virtue, we can miss it,
Of Sin, we can but kiss it,
And 'tis no longer sin !."

Such complacently easy reversals, alas, exact their own penalties.

"Take what you want", said God. "Take it, and pay for it." (Spanish proverb).

BEAUTY

Many of the poems in this section are devoted to the praise of feminine loveliness described in so many guises and much diversity of style. But the word 'beauty' is as complex as 'Love' or 'Truth', and refuses to be standardized. Feminine beauty itself inspires each generation to new attitudes and therefore new expressions. There is a type of beauty which is sensuously perceptible to the eye, but spiritual and intellectual qualities, inevitably if indirectly affect physical appearance. There is a beauty which makes holy--(a consolation proffered to the ageing, I wonder with how much success !) :

> "Nor spring nor summer's beauty hath such
> grace,
> As I have seen in one autumnal face".

The poems in this section therefore celebrate many varieties of beauty ; some which spring firm the exactness of peculiar parts ; others, as Pope vehemently contradicts :

> "In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,
> Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
> 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
> But the joint force and full result of all."

There is a beauty which is founded on the lasting attribute of bone structure and which can therefore survive the loss of bloom. There is also a beauty which is wrought out from within—that "through-shine" of which Donne speaks. If there is a "beauty born of murmuring sound" which passes into a woman's face, one wonders what may pass into the faces of those forced to listen too long to the snarl of machinery, of fashionably and drunkenly dancing to the new year in Gymkhana Clubs all over the world, simulating a spurious gaiety to the tune of hectic Jazz, or Pop, or whatever you choose to call it! Ideals and fashions of femine beauty have varied from age to age. A study of these ideals and fashions down the ages makes fascinating reading. To attain the particular ideal of their period women have had to adopt various devices of dress, hair-style, make-up and jewelry.

In ancient Egypt transparency, if not nudity, were the rule: about 1400 B. C. women wore garments of diaphanous materials, through which every part of their bodies was seen. The ideal height for a woman was five feet three inches. In frescoes and papyrus-pictures we often find these sixty three inches apportioned by the Egyptian artists as follows:

Only seven inches to the woman's head and neck, thirty seven to her body from the top of the shoulders to the top of the knee-cap, and the other nineteen to the length from the knee-cap to the soles of the feet. The head is extra ordinarily small, and we need to remember that in art a small head has usually been

held to give dignity to a figure. The ideal Egyptian woman possessed long, lustrous and often dark-blue eyes. Women painted their lids with kohl, a black substance, partly as a precaution against the glare of the African sun. The ears of these earliest of civilised woman are usually too long for our liking. The nose most often is small, slightly upturned and a little broad at the tip. The lips are invariably full and sensuous, and as a rule they were painted. The chin is small and round, the arms long and slender. Her fingers also are long, and the upper class carefully painted their nails. The waist is naturally slender, and only at a very late period do 'the hips become broad. It is in their feet, large and squat, that these women (according to modern standards) are at their worst. It is surprising to find that dwellers in so hot a country should so greatly have admired 'abundant hair".

Brunetles were obviously preferred, black hair being the normal colour. The death-monument of a princess who died about 700 B. C. describes her as "the beloved, before all women, the King's daughter who is sweet in love. Blacker is her hair than the darkness of night, blacker than the berries of the blackberry bush."

The most famous Egyptian queen who lived about 1380 B. C. was Neferititi. The very name meant "the Beautiful one has come". She was the wife of the revolutionary Pharaoh, Akhnaton, who vigorously attempted to transform the sacrosanct religion and art of his country. Neferititi had long, languorous eyes, a delicate nose, a fastidious mouth, an out-thrust,

pointed chin and a lovely jaw-line. One authority goes so far as to say that her portraits, 'when young, prove her to have been one of the most beautiful women of any period of the world's history".

Unlike the Egyptians, the Greeks admired stature. Ulysses, trying to explain to the enchantress Circe why he somehow longs to go home, begins with the phrase, "Do not be angry, goddess and queen. I fully understand that the wise Penelope (his wife) cannot be compared with you, either for comeliness or stature."

Agamemnon, too, says that he prefers the slave Chryseis "to Clytemnestra, my wedded wife; for in no wise is she inferior, neither in favour, nor stature nor wit, nor skill".

Although the Greek woman wished to keep her hair tidily in a sort of cap-like arrangement, she certainly desired that it should be as long as possible. It was usually drawn back or else drawn up into a knot at the back of the head. It was a fashion among the courtesans to let their hair fly loose around the head and shoulders.

The Greek neck is long and always powerful. In the Venus of Milo we see also powerful shoulders that hardly slope at all. The truth is that Greek women triumphantly combined grace with health and hardihood. With the Greeks, unlike the Egyptians, every portion of the body had to be attractive. There was even the word "beautiful ankled."

One of the most famous of Greek women (extreme beauty combined with intelligence) was Phryne, the

courtesan. Nor should we forget Helen of Troy whose beauty launched a thousand ships.

Egypt has Neferititi, Greece has Helen and Phryne, but the Roman Empire, long-lasting though it was, left no memory of any one supremely beautiful woman. Dido, Lucrece and 'Caesar's wife' are famous not for beauty but for virtue.

The Romans admired brilliant and copious hair. In two things, however, the Romans surpassed previous civilizations,—their passion for physical hygiene (as attested by their innumerable and elaborate public baths) and their use of cosmetics. No modern nation or period has cultivated a more elaborate art of cosmetics than that of well placed women during the stretch of time between Nero and Marcus Aurelius.

Juvenal the satirist, as we should expect, says of a rich wife that "she duly once a month renews her face". (Pope's Belinda, however, went one better; she did it every day, as my readers will find in Pope's description of her toilet included in this anthology). The romantic Troubadours of the eleventh century reversed the Greek ideal of stature; the small and dainty woman, is practically always, the most admired. For example, Nicolette, one of the most attractive figures in romantic literature, the prototype 'of the princess' was celebrated for the tenderness of her body, her daintiness; "so frail was she about the girdle that your two hands could have spanned her". Slender, and at most, the middle height : that was the ideal of the middle age.

I could go on endlessly, passing through the Renaissance, the delicate and flower like immortalised by Botticelli (the Botticelli type), the French women of the 18th century, famous not so much for their natural beauty as for their stylishness and vivacity. (Who can resist the charm of a woman effectively dressed, and which nation can surpass the French in this art ?), through the exotic ideal of feminine beauty conceived by the victorian poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and portrayed in all its ethereal grace in his picture "Beata Beatrix", down to the twentieth century (post First World War) when it became a fashion for young women to do their best to obliterate all signs of their femininity. These were the flat-breasted and hipless women, with a waist line not far above the knees, the so called 'tomboys'.

Nor should the influence of Hollywood be ignored, which has created a new industry, the beauty industry as Aldous Huxley describes it. American women spend on their faces and bodies budgets far exceeding those of the developing countries all put together. Women, it is obvious, are freer than in the past; they believe that they have the right, if not to be less virtuous than their grandmothers, at any rate to look less virtuous. And yet one may ask : what are the practical results of both ancient and modern cults and fashions of beauty ? Are women more beautiful than they were ? Is real beauty an affair of the inner or of the outer self ? Is the beauty of a 'live' woman merely skin deep ? Plato would say, certainly not.

The good, the beautiful and the true, are but different phases of one reality; the archetypal beauty which exists in heaven.

The Industrial revolution in beauty, remains fundamentally a failure, because its operations do not touch the deepest source of beauty—the experiencing soul. 'Every woman,' says Jacob Epstein, 'Should be her own work of Art." This ideal can be achieved only when the social arrangements give to every one of them an opportunity to live completely and harmoniously. A pious hope, indeed !

TRUTH—BEAUTY

What is truth, asked Jesting Pilate, but did not stay for an answer. Naturally, because he was neither a poet, nor a mystic nor a philosopher, but a practical administrator, whose main business as a governor was to govern.

The quest for truth, however, continues, baffling though it may be. Beauty has proved less of a headache, for isn't a thing of beauty a joy for ever? But the hyphenated concept of Truth-Beauty is a strenuous exercise in metaphysical dialectics.

The ordinary meaniug of the word truth, in a sentence such as 'this statement is the truth', is not difficult to comprehend. It merely asserts that the verbal symbols of which the statement is composed correspond to the facts to which it refers. We may call this scientific truth, which is verifiable and demonstrable.

But when a poet says that his love is like a red, red, rose, he is obviously referring to some other category of truth. Poetic truth may be a fiction, but it is a serviceable fiction, which is emotionally true.

In religious literature, the word truth is sometimes treated as a synonym for a metaphysical "Fact", as

when it is affirmed that God is Truth—meaning that He is the primordial Reality. Or consider the meaning of a phrase such as "worshipping God in spirit and in truth." Here, it is obvious, 'truth' signifies direct apprehension of spiritual Fact, as opposed to second-hand knowledge about Reality. The moral of all this is obvious. Whenever we hear or read about 'truth', we should always pause long enough to ask ourselves in which of the various senses listed above the word is, at the moment being used. This simple precaution will save us from a great deal of unnecessary mental confusion.

To Carlyle, Truth is a Fact. What is the Fact of life ? It is eternity looking through time. Truth is the continuous revelation of the God-like in the terrestrial and common. This revelation constitutes Beauty.

Art, at its best therefore, is the imaginative expression of Truth-Beauty, imagination being merely the ability to see Truth. (Poet-seer). Ruskin elaborates this merger of Truth-Beauty in great detail. He analyses what he calls 'Typical beauty', that is, beauty which is typical of the divine attributes. A perception of this typical beauty gives us our ultimate vision of Truth. The qualities of typical beauty, according to this analysis are :

(a) Infinity, i.e. the beauty of calm and luminous distance—twilight behind purple hills, or the scarlet arch of dawn over the dark troublous-edged sea. That phenomenon is beautiful which suggests infinity. It is of all visible things the least material, the least

finite, the farthest withdrawn from the earth prison-house, the most typical of the nature of God, the most suggestive of the glory of his dwelling place. For the sky of night, though we may know it boundless, is dark; it is a studded vault, a roof that seems to shut us in and down; but the 'bright distance' has no limit; we feel its infinity, as we rejoice in its purity of light.

(b) Unity: the appearance of some species of unity is essential to the perfection of beauty in lines, colours or forms. Unity is another name for Harmony—the unity of clouds, as they are driven by the parallel winds; the unity of the sea-waves, the unity of different and separate things, subjected to one and the same influence. Then there is what is known as original unity of things arising from one spring and source, and speaking always of their brotherhood: the unity of the branches of the trees, of the petals and of the beams of light. The unity of sequence is that of things which form links in chains, steps in ascents, stages in journeys, the melody of sounds and the continuity of lines.

(c) Repose, as opposed to laborious exertion. Repose is the especial and distinctive characteristic of the Eternal mind and power. As expressed in material things, repose is either a simple appearance of permanence and quietness, as in the massy forms of a mountain or rock, or else it is repose proper, the rest of things in which there is vitality or capability of motion, actual or imagined; and with respect to these the expression of repose is greater in proportion

to the amount and sublimity of the action which is not taking place, as well as to the intensity of the negation of it. Thus we do not speak of repose in a pebble, because the motion of a pebble has nothing in it of energy or vitality, neither its repose of stability. But having once seen a great rock come down a mountain-side, we have a noble sensation of its rest; because the power and fearfulness of its motion were great, so its stability and negation of motion are now great in proportion. Repose is a divine attribute, the "I am" of the creator opposed to the "I become" of all creatures—the creator's supreme knowledge incapable of surprise, supreme power incapable of labour, supreme volition incapable of change. In human beings there is a longing for renovation and for escape from mere changefulness, longing for a state in which permanence shall have become possible through perfection. There is no desire more intense or more exalted than that which exists in all rightly disciplined minds for the evidences of repose in external signs. No work of art can be great without it, and all art is great in proportion to the appearance of it. There is diminished lustre in every appearance of restlessness and effort, until the last trace of true inspiration vanishes in tottering affectation or tortured insanity. In architecture, in music, in acting, in dancing, in whatsoever art, great or mean, there are yet degrees of greatness or meanness entirely dependent on this single quality of repose.

(d) Balance: the opposition of one part to another,

and a reciprocal balance, in animals commonly between opposite sides, in the boughs on apposite side of trees, and the leaves and sprays on each side of the bough ; opposite side; of valleys and alternate winding of streams. Hence the necessity of opposing lines or masses in composition.

(e) Moderation—that is to say, self-restrained liberty. This attribute of beauty is the girdle and safeguard of all the rest, and the most essential of all, The least appearance of violence or extravagance, of the want of moderation and restraint, is destructive of all beauty whatsoever, in colour, form, motion, language or thought ; giving rise to that which in colour we call glaring, in form, in elegant, in motion, ungraceful, in language coarse, in thought undisciplined.

These five typical qualities in terrestrial phenomena are at least a partial disclosure of the divine nature, the Truth of God ; partial, because God is not merely immanent but also transcendent. Infinity, which is a type of the divine Incomprehensibility ; Unity which is a type of divine Comprehensiveness; Repose, which is a type of divine Permanence ; Balance which is a type of divine Justice ; Moderation which is typical of divine Government by Law.

It is thus that the twin relationship of Truth-Beauty is established, harking back to the Platonic idea of Beauty as an emanation from the infinite and a disclosure of it. Every beautiful object consists of form, but it also embodies an idea, a reflection of the Truth which underlies the form. What the imagi-

nation seizes upon as beauty, is ultimately the truth.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know an earth, and all ye need to know."

Probably no other two lines of Keats' poetry are so famous as these; nor so perplexing to some readers. (I once heard Oxford undergraduates parodying the lines in a skit :

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty ;
Further to tell is not our duty."

But the clue to the meaning of Keats is provided by the dialectical analysis of Walt Whitman's poem—"All truths wait in all things". Statements are often true when they are qualified by something of their opposite. The Truth-Beauty relationship is the expression of man's primal desire for wholeness and completion. An experience of both pain and joy constitutes the reality of living ; that is the truth which we must realise, intellectually, emotionally and spiritually. Once we have realised the nature of the Real behind the puzzle of harsh truth and smooth beauty, we begin to experience Pure Being, which alone can enable us to experience the zest of life. In moments of an expanded emotional capacity and a strengthened mental eye-sight, we may have a glimpse of life that is more constantly given to the creative artist—a kind of disinterested delight in finding everything just what it was, good or bad. Shakespeare revels in grasping the notion of Macbeth and of Iago. So do we, when we are stirred, experience a sort of gusto for all the contents of life alike—for pain and loss as well as virtues and victories, simply because

each has its own delicious differentness for the apprehending mind. Thus it is that our feeling at the early deaths and baffled loves of tragedy is really one of exultation, and not cynicism or despair.

Truth, although severe, is a real friend.

> "All perform their tragic play,
> There struts Hamlet, there is Lear,
> That's Ophelia, that Cordelia ;
> Yet they, should the last scene be there,
> The great stage curtain about to drop,
> If worthy their prominent part in the play,
> Do not break up their lines to weep.
> They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay ;
> Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.
> All men have aimed at, found and lost ;
> Black out, Heaven blazing into the head.
> Tragedy wrought to its utter most.
> Though Hamlet rambles and Lear rages ;
> And all the drop-scenes drop at once
> Upon a hundred thousand stages,
> It cannot grow by an inch or an ounce.
> All things fall and are built again,
> And those that build them again are gay."
>
> (Yeats)

I sometimes think one might conceive of God as a being who experiences what we call the intensest pain and pleasure without being 'affected' by it—meaning by 'affected', disabled or incapacitated, or reduced to incoherence or apathy, as we commonly are by personal griefs. Tragedy is the expression of the zest of

life, and something of that zest, is conveyed to us when we witness it and that zest is supreme and superhuman enjoyment, the product of those moments of exaltation and vision, of pure being, when all facts are beautiful; "Beauty is truth, truth beauty".

NATURE

There is no word which more needs definition than Nature. There is none, except perhaps its counterpart, Reason, which is used in more various, often conflicting, meanings, or with more shades of meaning, each passing into the other. When Lear, for example, calls upon Nature (Hear, Nature, hear ; dear goodess, hear !) to punish Goneril who is a thankless child, he is thinking of it as an ideal pattern existing in the cosmos, which demands from human beings the observance of all those axiomatic decencies which Reason, Law, Tradition and Custom have sanctified ; God to be worshipped ; parents to be honoured ; others to be used by us as we ourselves would be by them.

However, when Edmund, the bastard son of the Earl of Gloucester in the same play, addresses Nature —'Thou Nature, art my goodess, to thy law my services are bound', he is clearly using the word nature in the very opposite sense of an iconoclastic force which guides man in his competitive ambitions and instinctive appetites, free in the pursuit of power, absolved from the 'plague of custom', relieved of all moral considerations, holding in contempt the sacred

tradition of human Society. In other words, Nature to Edmund implies an opportunistic approach to life, a driving force, far removed from Chaucer's kindly Queen-motherly Dame, who presides over not only a rational but also a benevolent arrangement. By the time Shakespeare had reached the hundredth line of his first scene, he has already sketched out the profound antinomies of the play as revealed by the word Nature. Cordelia's bond is a sacramental, not a sentimental, profession of a love which is an expression of order, Lear's wrath is a fall from this bias of nature (though deep down in his heart he worships it in the same spirit); Gloucester's flaunting of a love which is an expression of anarchy, matched by Edmund's Machtaevelian use of this anarchy as an instrument of opportunism which enables him to ride easy on his father's foolish honesty; Regan and Goneril's profession of a love which is a mark for hatred, and finally Kent's fidelity to truth which is a protest both against Lear's folly and the two elder daughters' falseness.

Jumping across to the 18th Century we find Pope using the word nature as synonymous with the humanistic conception of culture in that it constitutes a continuum, each generation carrying on the thoughts and art of past generations instead of beginning all over again. He thus emphasizes the aesthetic and social features of Nature.

"First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd and universal light.
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Those Rules of old discovered. not devis'd
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

In Pope, Nature is not merely methodised, but rhymed and twisted and harmonized at pleasure !

The rationalism of the 18th Century conceived of the universe as governed by law, with general human nature as a microcosm of this mechanical order on the one side, man's mere whim on the other. The metaphysics of a mechanical universe produced an analogous conception of human nature ; this, too, was a world of law and order. Men and women were classifiable by types : the whole doctrine of decorum was based upon this generalization, and the deduction thence that they are always to be represented 'true to type'.

The miser, the senile old man, the fop, the coquette; such they are and not otherwise. Then besides being types, men and women are human beings; and humanity itself is a constant factor. Human nature is the same in all ages and in all climes. This view of nature did not take the emotions into sufficient account.

There are a hundred ways of feeling about a thing, it said, but the truth about it is one. The feelings vary with temperament and special circumstances, but

reason is the same in all men. But the 'natural' in the microcosm is that which exhibits law and order; it is the rational. In other words, to Augustan France and England to 'follow nature' was not to abandon yourself to your instincts—that would be to allow a 'false' or 'individual' nature but to subordinate yourself to the command of the one thing which was the same in all men,—the reason.

Nature had, too, its social implications. The decorous ideal of life is not to be attained in any richness except in cities and (in earlier days) in courts:

"The town. the Court, is Beauty's proper sphere".
(Lyttleton, Soliloquy of a Beauty in the country').

According to Gay:

Whene'er a Courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace."
(Gay, "Fables". First series, No. 33)

Or as Cowley says in "The Country Mouse":

"Let savage beasts lodge in a country den;
You should see towns, and manners know, and men."

Society and individualism (in any vigorous sense) are sworn foes. From the point of view of society, the natural is what cultivated people have in common, the unnatural that in which they differ. Society does not favour whim, caprice and eccentricity. It rebukes the assertion of the personal as above the social man. Equally with the nationalist, then, society means by nature something which is thought of as universal, it means the social code, the sentiments and manners of which men have in common.

The classics afforded a third approach to this con-

ception. In them one found – or seemed to find—a portrait of human nature for which the whole would appeared to have sat. One found universality, restraint, the social sense. all the things one esteemed in life, collected as it were, into a treasury upon which one might make endless draught.

The term Nature, which is used twenty one times in Pope's Essay on Criticism, bears in almost all cases this sense, derived from three points of view, of a regular and ordered world, with the emphasis commonly on human nature, the microcosm. The constancy of Nature and its universality are proclaimed. Her 'Just Standard' is, 'Still the same'. In summary we may note that the characteristic attitude towards Nature in the classical period is marked by :

(a) Prevailing distrust and therefore neglect of the grand or the terrible in Nature as mountains, the ocean, storms and winter.

(b) A similar neglect of the mysterious or the remote, as the various phenomena of the sky.

(c) A certain apparent friendliness toward the gentle, pleasant, serviceable forms of Nature as in rural cultivated England, in spring and summer, in good weather, in various forms of horticulture.

(d) An especial pleasure in Nature ordered and made symmetrical by art, as in formal gardens and parks.

(e) Descriptions of a highly generalized sort with almost no touches of local colour.

(f) Full but conventional and superficial use of

Nature in similitudes for human passions and actions.

(g) Narrow, uninterested and hence frequently inaccurate observation of natural facts.

(h) A vocabulary restricted and imitative in character, particularly imitation of Latin models.

(i) An underlying conception of nature as entirely apart from man, and to be reckoned with merely as his servant or his foe.

However, inspite of this prevailing attitude toward nature in the 18th century, the new attitude toward nature which later found its advocates and champions in the romantic poets, actually madeits beginning in the 18th century, itself. The poet James Thomson—(1700—1748) author of the 'Seasons' is its first adequate exponent—a very important figure in the early history of romanticism. Thomson was highly sensitive to the sights and sounds and odours of the world about him. Other poets who deserve mention are Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Crabbe, Burns and Blake. Burns knew animals, especially birds, in an intimate, friendly fashion. He apparently thought of animals almost as if they had been human (The address to a mouse is so tenderly and genuinely sympathic as if it had been to a hurt child).

It was Blake's theory that man is imprisoned in his five senses, and he counted it his mission to reveal for closed eyes the spiritual as the only real fact of existence. In his early work this theory, as yet unexaggerated in application, led to a treatment of nature, not un-true to facts, but characterized especially by

qualities of simplicity and vision such as are not found again before Wordsworth. In these years of his youth Blake was essentially the poet of childhood and spring in all their sweet, potent, indefinable charm.

"And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happv songs
Every child may joy to hear"

gives the keynote to these songs of delight. The boy of nature is everywhere insisted on :

The moon like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night."

In its signtficance as a prophecy of Wordsworth and Shelley, the early poetry of William Blake is of especial importance.

It is in the Nineteenth Century romantic poets, however, that nature came fully into its own. One might classify the ways in which the romantic poets deal with nature somewhat as follows :

(a) They express childlike delight in the open-air world.
(b) They use nature as the background or setting for human action or emotion.
(c) They see nature through historic colouring
(d) They make nature sympathize with their own feelings.
(e) They dwell upon the infinite side of nature.
(f) They give description for its own sake.
(g) They interpret nature by imaginative sympathy.

(h) They use nature as a symbol of spirit.

In the minds of students of English poetry, Wordsworth and nature have become synonymous terms. This is not surprising. Wordsworth believed that the spirit he felt in nature was divine. This belief finds passionate expressions of gratitude to that spirit for gifts of mind and heart.

Wordsworth feels that he is indebted to nature in many ways. To begin with, it gives him peace. This is the gift most often spoken of, in phrases such as 'profound repose', soothing charm, 'Solace to the heart', 'harmony of mind', 'a central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation".

Nature gives to the poet not only peace and rest, but also 'Joy', 'vital feelings of delight', sometimes even the 'disturbing joy' of elevated thoughts.

A third gift of nature is poetic inspiration; Wordsworth believed that nature set him apart for poetry and assisted him in his development.

Nature also gives a wisdom such as books and schools cannot give.

And finally nature is considered as inspiring to morality and virtue. Wordsworth not infrequently indicates his belief that the spirit of nature consciously blesses man.

Is the atmosphere of modern science and philosophy one in which the Wordsworthian spirit can survive?

When I was a young student at Oxford in the early thirties, critics like I. A. Richards and Joseph Warren Beach were dubious about the values of the inferences which Wordsworth drew from his experiences

of nature. (Even Aldous Huxley wrote a brilliantly mocking essay on "Wordsworth in the tropics"; Huxley's perrenial philosophy was yet to come).

Science. it was asserted, has neutralized nature ; the heart of the mystery has been plucked out, and Wordsworth as a philosophical poet is out of date. But is it really so ? Modern science of course rejects the crassly simplified system of an entirely beneficent and unchanging nature which passed current in the eighteenth century, but it has not substituted for it an anti-human chaos exhibiting nothing except chance, unreason and cruelty. It has not unquestionably accepted the ideal of the humanists that nature is fundamentally hostile, or at least indifferent, to values that man recognizes and would live by.

Even a scientist like Sir James Jeans discovers "the presence in nature of a will which tends to raise a portion of matter to a subtler and perhaps better condition, from mere reflex action upwards to instinct, from instinct yet higher towards intelligence."

Yet when Wordsworth expresses his sense of our oneness with nature, he is stigmatized as a bogus philosopher!" Our world, despite its obvious discordances, exhibits too many harmonies to justify the assumption that it originated in mere nothingness or is moved by mere chance. Nature red in tooth and claw is not the only fact noticed by science. An opposite, counterbalancing tendency was coevally developed by nature,—that system of mutually helpful co-operation between creatures of the same kind, and of different kinds, which science terms symbiosis.

An eminent naturalist writes of it: "In principle it si universal. For all organism are part of the web; their underlying and vital relationships are one vast multiple symbiosis. And when you turn your gaze thus upon the web of life then indeed you are entered upon the deepest science."

Be that as it may, there is no doubt about the spiritual value of Wordsworth's expression of the concrete facts of our apprehension, his mystical awareness of Nature as a mind or spirit. This insight is once more becoming significant in philosophy, as witness this brilliant comment on Wordsworth by the great physicist Whitehead in his "Science and the modern world". "It is the brooding presene of the hills which haunts him. His theme is nature in solido, that is to say, he dwells on that mysterious presence of surrounding things, which imposes itself on any separate element which we set up as an individual for its own sake. He always grasps the whole of nature as involved in the tonality of the particular instance. That is why he laughs with the daffodils and finds in the primrose thoughts too deep for tears. It would hardly be possible to express more clearly a feeling for nature, as exhibiting entwined prehensive unities, each suffused with modal presences of others. In thus citing Wordsworth the point which I wish to make is that we forget how strained and paradoxical is the view of nature which modern science imposes upon our thoughts. Wordsworth, to the height of genius, expresses the concrete facts of our apprehension, facts which are distorted in scientific analysis."

In fairness to Aldous Huxley, however, I must mention his recantation of his anti-romantic views in "Ends and Means", including the candid. "I had motives for not wanting the world to have a meaning, consequently assumed that it had none." Inasmuch as T. S. Eliot's "Idea of a Christian Society" involves religious assumptions, I have not cited it above, but its agreement with Wordsworthian views is notable in such passages as these : "The good life implies a life in conformity with nature—the natural life and the supernatural have a conformity to each other which neither has with the mechanistic life."

How then, does Wordsworth perceive the concrete facts of our apprehension ? Wordsworth himself provides the answer when he describes his method of composing poetry : "I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings ; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility ; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquility gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does actually exist in the mind."

This is an explanation of Wordsworth's peculiar power. Before he composes he gathers himself together where he is to work. He is sure of his truth. The new emotion, not in fact spontaneously but gradually derived from the former emotion, has in it the integrity of the then and now. The poet becomes a whole man. Feeling comes in aid of feeling, thought comes in aid of thought, and feeling and

thought come in aid of each other until the poet is assured that having achieved a perfect integrity, he may speak his truth, and his truth will be the truth for all men. This higher memory is the link between the visible and the invisible world. It is the imagination contemplative which satisfies Wordsworth's need of a mystical wholeness. This vision of nature's beneficence, however, is not sentimental.

While it is true that nature never betrays the heart that loves her, man's treachery or rough handling of nature, certainly invites the appropriate penalties. Nature belongs to God, and when man turns against God, nature turns against man. Francis Thompson beautifully spoke of this when he found the whole world turned against him because he would not answer the call of God :

"I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy.
In faith to Him their fickleness to me.
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit."

As for the so-called victory of man over nature, actually man's conquest of nature turn out in the moment of its consummation, to be nature's conquest of man. Every victory we seemed to win has led us, step by step, to this conclusion. All nature's apparent reverses have been but tactical withdrawals.

Discovering the laws of nature does not make us the authors of the Book of nature. At best we are only its proof-readers.

SECTION—V

MAN

If man is nothing else, he is at least the king of beasts. Or is he? The animal has developed the use of the five senses. Man in his animal body has this same use, but in some ways inferior to his so-called subjects. The eye sight of an eagle and the swiftness of a deer are far superior to that of man. Compared to the worm (as Lear discovered long ago), mas has no silk, compared to the civet-cat, no perfume ; compared to the sheep, no wool, no hide to compare with the elephant's :

"I wish I were an elephant,
That would make me grin ;
I don't want the ivory
But just his thicker skin.

Were man to attempt to exmine as dispassionately as an entomologisl examines a grass-hoper, he must suspect what a biologically clumsy compromise he is. In the animal pursuits of eating, fighting and breeding his prowess hardly matches his customary estimation of it. The tape-worm is easily a better feeder, the Weasel a better fighter, the rabbit a better lover. The best human swimmers, runners and fliers are inept amateurs when compared with sharks,

horses and hawks. The placidity of a cow has been a subject of scornful mention by several writers, yet the tensely nervous and half-neurotic city dweller might profitably exchange his tension for this relaxed attribute of the cow. The failure of human beings to act according to their knowledge or their beliefs, whether due to weakness of the will, conventional hypocrisy, or unconscious motivations, is unknown in the animal world, where self-expression is spontaneous and perfect. No wonder Walt Whitman likes to live with animals! Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal. If then man is no more, how can he ever be the king of beasts? How can he claim sovereignty over his humbler, though in the attributes mentioned by Lear, more "sophisticated subjects"?

Lest these thoughts leave us with too large an inferiority complex let them be countered by remembering that there are several points where man shows up more favourably than the animal. He is raised above it by his faculty of speech, his erect physical posture, and the dramatic fact that in the sphere of mental operations he is able to achieve what no animal can achieve. Why? Because one grand difference between man and beast is a difference of mind. No animal can comprehend what a man may comprehend, or has, like man, the capacity to feel intelectual hunger. When he is at his best, man can preserve the instinctive intelligence of an animal while supplementing it by a reasoning intelligence and

creative imagination. No animal at its best can achieve this combination.

Perhaps the only way to understand man, and his contradictions and inadequacies, is to place him in the traditional setting between the angels and the beasts. We have seen his failure as an animal. As a god he is scarcely more effective. Though he is the one creature who can significantly alter himself and his environment to suit his private tastes, he is the only one who is obviously maladjusted with himself and his environment. He is the one creature who might possibly obtain the necessities of life without robbing and killing his fellows, yet he is the most selfishly acquisitive and the most ruthlessly murderous of all. He is the one creature who is able to know much about himself and the world, and the only one who is habitually deluded. He is the one creature who can laugh and the only one who is persistently unhappy. He is the only creature who can dodge many cruel and dangerous exactions of Natue, only to run foul of more cruel and dangerous devices of his own manufacture. One need be no philosopher, pondering in metaphysical abstractions the problems of human duality, to see that man might be more a god were he less an animal, and vice versa. Between these two stools he falls to the ground, without being either wholly content to crawl over it or wholly able to rise above it. But the remarkable thing about man is this very self-consciousness, which gives the self knowledge to detect his own tragic incongruity ; the incongruity between the greatness of his personality and promise

and the pettiness of his subsequent career ; in other words his failure as man. It is man, and not an animal who bewails the wearisome condition of his humanity, born under one law, to another bound. He knows himself "a man which is a proud and yet a wretched thing." To know himself a man : in that perhaps lies his real dignity. So at least thought Giovanni Pico Della Mirandola, Italian philosopher (1463-1494) : "neither a fixed place nor a form that is yours alone nor any function peculiar to Yourself have we given you, Adam, so that according to your desire and judgment you may have what place, what form, what function, you yourself shall decide. We have made you neither of heaven nor of earth, neither mortal nor immortal, so that with freedom of choice, as though you were your own maker, you must fashion your own shape. You can degenerate into the brutish form of the animals below you and you can attain the divine and higher forms above you. O bounty of God ! O wonderful happiness of man ! To man it is given to have whatever he chooses, to be whatever he wills." (Picco Della Mirandola De hominis dignitate, "Oration on the dignity of man")

We thus came back full circle to man and beast, ape and essence. Perhaps it is just as well that man's skin is thinner than an elephant's. If he had an elephant's thick skin he could not also have its sensitivity; the only way man can hope to rival and outshine the elephant is to be thin-skinned enough to suffer from perplexity. Hamlet cannot see his way and his choices do not attain for him the good life.

But his rage is an index of his seriousness, his remorselessness an index of his idealism. Hamlet-Man alone is given this perception of the inexorable bond of decision and responsibility : the recognition of the fact that his humanity is a quality in him that can be shaped and the need to shape it.

One doesn't know how decisions are made. Sometimes the mind in its wisdom puts two and two together and it makes four. Sometimes the heart with no faith in Arithmetic, just takes over and compels one to inexplicable charity. Sometimes they both work together. But whatever it is, there is one thing, the thing which is yourself, the needle point of the ego on which every desire has to balance perfectly or be discarded. Half the time we may not know the balancing and rejecting which is going on. All we know for certain is that we suddenly stand up acknowledging what we must do in order to live with ourselves. Disregard that moment and no peace remains. Acknowledge it, and you discover man's humanity. And when you have done that yon sing with Blake:

"Thine own humanity, learn to adore.!"

I believe all poems in this section will repay reverent study (particularly those by the Metaphysical poets), but there is one lesser known sonnet belonging to the romantic period of which I am particularly fond. I mean "The Human Seasons" by Keats. This poem was contributed by the poet to Leigh Hunt's Literary Pocket Book. The idea of comparing man's life with yearly seasons is a favourite one with poets and Shakespeare has fully exploited it in AS YOU LIKE

IT, and some of his sonnets. But Keats is here concernd with man simply as lover of beauty. In this sonnet he describes how in the spring of his life man appreciates every type of beauty, while in his summer he is not active, but in his imagination he continues his pursuit of beauty : he is a happy dreamer. But when in his middle age autumn shades of the prison house begin to close upon him, he is content to look vaguely at the pageant of beauty around him and occasionally is even indifferent to it. His Winter is only a tragedy. Note Keats' great skill in using felicitous expression and the quiet dignified movement of his verse.

WOMAN

In this section and those relating to 'Love' and 'Beauty' will be found some of the witty, wise or provocative things said and written about woman—mostly by men from Juvenal's time onwards: woman in love, woman wed, woman scorned, woman adorned; woman's virtues and failings, and woman's way with man. One fact is obvious. Men may say of marriage and woman what they will; they will renounce neither the one nor the other.

The Greeks and the Romans seldom idealized man's relations with woman; rather, through much of their literature there runs a vein of anti-femininity, an undercurrent of misogyny, which finds its most eloquent expression perhaps in the satire of Juvenal. For Archilochus, to marry a woman is to take to one's house manifest ruin. In one hand she carries water, in the other the fire of guile. Simonides thinks that women are the greatest evil that God ever created, and that even if at times they may seem to be useful they generally turn out a curse to their owners; for one wife who brings her husband happiness nine bring trouble and disaster. As for Hipponax, he sums up his creed in two lines: "There are only two days in

your life that your wife gives you pleasure ; the day you marry her and the day you bury her."

The average Athenian was never able to shake off the idea that woman was an inferior creature invented to give man pleasure, but by the perversity of her nature failing only too frequently to perform her proper task. As a result women in Athenian society were almost a negligible quantity, and even to such a mind as Aristotle's woman's subservience seemed perfectly logical, for as he says : women and slaves have a sort of virtue, the virtue of the irrational part of the soul. The slave has no deliberative faculty at all ; the woman has it, but with her it is inconclusive."

We possess a statement by Demonsthenes explaining the different functions allotted in antiquity to three different companions for men, of whom the wife was one. "Mistresses we keep for pleasure, concubines for daily attendance upon our persons, wives to bear us legitimate children." Indeed the courtesan was more highly esteemed than a wife. The philosopher Aristippus who disliked the intrusion of sex into his affairs, found that his intellectual life was least disturbed if he allowed it to be disturbed occasionally. For this purpose it was his opinion that a woman, with whom love was a profession, who does not require to be courted and could be dismissed without difficulty, was the most suitable. One of his several epigrammatic sayings has passed into a proverb :

"It is true I possess Lais, but Lais does not possess

me. There is no harm in pleasure, but in being a slave to pleasure."

That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, whether for good or for evil—so Pericles declared, and although the writers of the Socratic circle rebelled against this view, as they did against so many of their countrymen's cherished ideas, they had little influence in their own day, and their championship of women was regarded only as part of their general eccentricity.

Plato's philosophy of love, however, though ignored in his own day, exercised great influence on Renaissance thought and it would not be out of place to give a brief summary of it before we pass on to Roman times. Plato raised the status of woman, not as an end in herself, but as a means to an end. The Platonic theory of love finds its chief utterance in the Symposium: that love is the supreme force, cosmic, moral, religious; that there are two loves, heavenly and earthly, the one a desire of the beauty of sense, the other desire of the beauty above sense; and that, as sensuous beauty is the shadow of supersensuous or spritual beauty, therefore, by following the shadow we may ultimately attain to the reality behind the shadow, and in an ecstasy possess divine beauty itself. But Plato takes care to remind his pupils that exalted love has nothing to do with the vulgar and trivial way of matrimony.

It must be exited by a person with whom connubial relations are impossible. It is a state of the soul, not an appetite. Least of all, can it have anything

to do with those connections profitable to the state and useful to society, which involve procreation of children, domestic cares, and the commonplace of daily duties. Platonic love was a type of spiritual enthusiasm, purging the lover's soul of all base thoughts, lifting him above the needs of the flesh, and filling him with a continual rapture. The object which stirred it could as well be a youth as a maiden.

With the Alexandrian period a new era, both in life and in literature, begins. Women became a power to be reckoned with: they may have been hated but they were at least not regarded as mere animals. The worst that Herondas can say against them is that they are over-talkative, domineering, cruel, and self-assertive. All these are faults characteristic of a governing rather than of a servile class.

Roman literature shows further progress in the status of women—not as *women* but as *wives*. After the beginning of the second century B.C. the wife definitely escaped from a position of mere subservience, and even attained a certain measure of economic independence; and as we know by experience when economic independence is assured, moral, mental and physical independence soon follows.

If we are to believe Juvenal, this economic emancipation of women resulted in great abuses. The Roman wife did not stay at home secluded in the inner part of the house; she scarcely stayed at home at all. She now acquired the liberty of adultery,

and what is still more significant, the conventions of the time allowed her to use that liberty without shame or restraint, and a rich woman, when she was tired of paramours of her own class, had at her beck and call the whole household of her slaves. In fact, the poor husband was the one person who got no enjoyment from his wife. Cato in 195 B.C. expressed the growing apprehensions of men about the emancipation of women in a speech which Livy fortunately has preserved for us at the beginning of the thirty-fourth book of his History:

"If our wives win this victory (i. e. repeal of laws which had been passed to check women's expenditure on luxuries), what will they not attempt next? Remember all the laws against women whereby your ancestors restrained their licence and made them subject to men; yet today, inspite of all such restrictions, you can scarcely hold them. What! If you allow them to snatch privilege after privilege from your grasp until at last they reach men's level, do you suppose you will be able to cope with them? The day they become our equals they will show themselves our superiors."

Such a state of affairs was fatal to the development of any lofty, romantic sentiment about women.

The general feeling of Latin writers is that liberty leads to licence and that the female sex is by nature incapable of self control. Classical dramatists no doubt dealt freely with amorous intrigues between young men and women; but as Charlton points out, solicitation is a social institution, whereas romantic

wooing is a mystical experience. The Romans treated such situations as mere incidents in the usual sowing of wild oats, which was by no means a bad training for a young fellow about to enter the world at large. Perhaps the most characteristic of the ancient Roman writers on love is Ovid, whose *Ars Amatoria* may appropriately be called a scientific treatise on the Art of Seduction. Ovid makes love highly sensual, illegitimate and furtive. Calm, quiet, assured love has no attraction for Ovid.

The early Christian Fathers followed zealously in Juvenal's footsteps; not only were mistresses and concubines condemned, but the first impulse was also to do without wives. If it had been possible, there should have been no intercourse with women at all, and the first Christians would also have been the last!

Tertullian wrote to his 'beloved sisters':

"You are the gateway of the devil, you are the unsealer of the forbidden tree, you are the first rebel against the divine law; you are she who persuaded him when the devil was not strong enough to attack. So easily you destroyed man, the image of God. Because of what you earned for us, that is, death, even the son of God had to die."

No wonder that a virgin was considered by a large part of Christianity to be more excellent than a wife.

Meanwhile in the early seventh century of the Christian era the rise of Islam ushered in a new concept of womanhood. There is absolutely no cynicism about women in the holy Quran; no sense

of guilt about sex as such, provided there is no debauchery. Again and again the Quran insists that man and woman "proceed from one another"; an expression which is a reminder to men that women are of the same human status as themselves. "They are raiment for you and you are raiment for them."

The holy Quran raised the social, economic and psychological status of women to an extent not found anywhere in man's philosophical thinking for a long time. Unfortunately, the very positiveness of Islam as a religion breeds hostility amnog the unbelievers, and the sound, straight-forward common sense Islamic view of 'woman' exercised no influence on the culture of Europe, which went its own way. If at all, grossly erroneous notions about the status of women in Islam were spread by Christian missionaries who misinterpreted the 'modesty' enjoined on Muslim Women by the holy Quran as their subservience, conveniently forgetting that modesty is equally enjoined on men. Furthermore, the institution of the *Harem* by many muslim kings during the middle ages did much to prejudice the Europeans against Islamic teaching, with much loss to the cause of women down the centuries. Equally mistaken interpretations of polygamy by Western writers and wrong practices by Muslims themselves hindered the true spirit of Islam from spreading over the world. If the rational teachings of the holy Quran about women as contained in the Surat-al-Baqr, the Surat-al-Nisa and elsewhere had been correctly understood and faithfully practised, mankind would

not have had to wait till 1975 for the International Woman's Year!

As it was, however, Europe went its own way, and it was not until the 11th Century that the discovery of the romantic species of passion by the Troubadours of Provence bestowed on women (at least of the aristocratic class) a new status. Polite society, which appeared in France at this time, was intimately associated with the most perfect forms of the institutions of chivalry and feudalism of all Europe. Castle and Chauteau life had brought both sexes together, The crowded conditions which made privacy almost impossible, evolved, out of sheer necessity, an elaborate system of etiquette. Since each castle was a small world humming with human activity, the inhabitants soon recognized the importance of courtesy in their association. Courtesy and prowess at arms became united in a common ideal of honour, and chivalry reached the topmost point of development. Poets then came forth to celebrate this new flowering of man's social life. When, however, Christianity was applied to these feudal relations of society, the worship of the Virgin was confused with love of woman, and that love was made a cult not far removed from idolatry. It reached its culmination in the poetry of Dante, Petrarch and the Elizabethan Sonneteers. This artificial and idealistic attitude towards woman, however, could not but be precariously poised on the edge of illusion and reality. Hence the ambivalence of Hamlet's attitude

to Ophelia who in one breath, exhorts her: 'Nymph in thy orisons be all my sins remembered', and "Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners—God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and make your wantonness your ignorance Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad." European literature from the 16th Century to the end of the nineteenth reflects this ambivalence and is responsible for many of the just and unjust, laudatory and provocative remarks about women found in the aphorisms of dramatists, novelists. essayists, poets and men of letters. Otway's eulogy

"O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you."

is offset by Pope's "Every woman is at heart a rake," or "woman's at best a contradiction still."
Milton's susceptibility to the fair sex:

"But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship."

matched by his:

"This mischief had not then befallen
And more than that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snare,
And strait conjunction with this sex."

One poet compares woman to "books," and men the readers be,

In whom oft times they great errata see,
Here sometimes we a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplaced, at least a line awry;
If they were books, I wish that my wife were
An almanack, to change her every year."

Another acknowledges her sovereignity: "Wine is strong, kings are strong, but a woman strongest."

It is only in recent years that a more balanced view of woman's character is seen to be evolving. She is an individual person who though in many ways different from man, nevertheless shares with him the same destiny of trial and error, achievement and failure, in search of her true identity. There is no essential distinctively human difference between men and women. Many so-called differences in social behaviour are not essential differences. In fact men and women share jointly in what is called human nature, and are alike capable of courage, fear, cruelty, tenderness, intelligence, and stupidity. When exhilarated by power and responsibility they display the more dominating qualities, and in subordinate positions they manifest a 'Slave psychology.' The subordination of woman makes it difficult but not impossible to recognise the essential quality of womanhood. In a masculine civilization the creative work of woman may be belittled, misinterpreted, or denied ; but, if it is a reality, its existence will be proved at least by the emotional colour of the denial. One must conclude that 'man' in the past has been looking at 'woman' through a distorting medium. His conception of her as an

inferior being is natural, in a man-made state, and were she really inferior it would stop there. His vague reverence for her remains to prevent this conclusion; it is certainly a compensation for something, a distorted recognition of some half-guessed-at power in woman. It looks as if man knows that the inferiority of woman is a fiction, that his domination of her and his refusal to admit her to his own level are not justified. In the background there lurks a fear of reprisals. The distorting medium contains fear as one of its elements.

ANIMALS

The poems in this section deal with the attitudes of human beings to their pet animals: Dogs, cats, horses, Dogs head the list, because of all domesticated animals a dog comes nearest to us in emotional affinity, however close apes may be to human beings in the technical evolutionary sense. All the legends insist that the dog was man's first friend. The lovers of cats, it is true, have argued that he is a mere upstart and plebeian in comparison with their favourite refraining her illimitable scorn with majestical taciturnity in the presence of dogs and human beings alike. It is rather a puzzling problem—this haunting of our houses by a member of the fierce and intractable order of the *Felidae*, a race without the gift of gregariousness in any shape or form. One theory is that cats came to us from Egypt, where they were treated as household goddesses in far-off ages, and that their patrician and patronising manner—a silent rebuke to the brisk stupidity of two-legged mortals—is the outcome of the consciousness that they are deities in exile. As an animal lover who has some experience of cats I have an uneasy feeling that cats are *in*, but not *of*, modern

civilization; that, so far from the house-holder owning them, they merely condescend for a while to own his house. It seems to me that a cat does not really regard a human being as a reasoning animal, like herself, but looks on him as a kind of animated tree, among whose accommodating branches a pleasant resting place may sometimes be found. But why does this deposed goddess, who so hates to wet her soft silent feet, lose all her self-possession and half her dignity when she smells fish? That is a puzzle which no scientist has solved as yet.

Cats, I think, came to live with us when we gave up the romantic life of hunters and trappers and took to grain-growing and living in houses with mouse-attracting granaries. That, I have been told, was the 'theory of the great Charles Darwin. But, peering back through the mists of pre-history, we can see beyond a shadow of doubt that the dog was first the follower, and then the helpful companion of man in his hunting expeditions. The wild dog—as to whose heredity nothing is definitely known—must have originally pursued the pursuing hunter in the hope of getting a share of his kill; he was to man in the beginning what the jackal is to the lion, an uninvited but tolerated guest. And man, for his part, soon discovered the dog's keen sense of smell and the possibility of using him to track down game in an age when every hunter had to be his own game-keeper. So he got a permanent job, as a sort of super-nose on four legs, and not only received his share of the slain quarry, but was also given a place

inside the man's cave or tent and a daily meal when the world was frozen up in winter time. Valued at first for the keen scenting gift that makes him such a useful servant, he presently found a place in the heart of his master; because his presence mitigated the lonesomenessof the vast primaeval wilderness and also no doubt saved the man's life by yapping at a ferocious wild beast's heels and diverting its attack. Moreover, he was the protector of the man's woman and the pet of her children who also discovered that puppies are a great comfort. Indeed a home without a well-loved dog in it does not seem to be a home. I do not think there is anything more pathetic than the sight of a child who is terrified of a dog. It is fortunately rare, because in most cases there is a natural affinity between them. Dogs succumb instantly to children and allow themselves to be fondled, played with and picked up. Here is just one among many instances of devotion of dogs to children. During the latter part of the Second World War, when London was being daily bombarded by buzz-bombs, a lady was in her garden with her infant sleeping in its pram, and with Sally, her lakeland Terrier who was absolutely devoted to the babe—in close attendance. Quite suddenly Sally jumped into the pram and laid herself gently on top of the child. The lady was completely puzzled by the strange action until she heard still afar off, one of those death-dealing terrors approaching. Sally with the extra acute hearing of all dogs, had heard it

before her mistress, and her first instinct was to protect her small friend, if necessary with her life.

Rudyard Kipling is a faithful revealer of forgotton things when he writes in one of his legendary tales: and the woman said his name is not wild dog any more, but the First Friend, beeause he will be our friend for always and always and always.

When men became herdsmen and shephereds, instead of being hunters and trappers, dependent for a living on the haphazard spoils of the chase, the dog further endeared himself by helping his master to guide and guard his flocks and herds. It is not surprising then, that men excepting the backward races who never reached the stage of taming animals and treating them as friends—became a race of dog lovers. The Aryan peoples even admitted dogs to their after-death paradises, their happy hunting grounds beyond the brink of evening; they believed that the dog was champion and guardian of man's disembodied spirit on the long journey into the hereafter, which to the newly arrived was as trackless and mysterious as it seemed to T.B. Aldrich's shade when asked what and where he was :—

"I do not know," the shade replied,
"I only died last night."

And so we find very ancient evidence for believing that the fascination of the dog's loving loyalty was as keenly felt thousands of years ago as it is today when the French poet, Francis Jammes, could write thus in an ecstasy of forgetfulness :

"Servant that loved me with a love intense,
As saints love God, my great exemplar be!
The mystery of your deep intelligence
Dwells in a guiltless, great eternity."

As earty as 1400 B.C. the *Vendidad*, the sacred book of Persia, laid down a code of laws regulating the punishment of those who ill-treated this companion and friend of man in time and eterntly—such an offence being regarded as even worse than killing a man. And in the *Mahabharata* we find the hero refusing Indra's offer to take him direct to Heaven on condition that he left his dog behind.

Modern literature is full of heartfelt tributes to this first friend of mankind attributing to him a spark of the divine and hoping that the Indian's wish, as set forth in Pope's Essay on Man :—

"He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog will bear him company."

Will be fulfilled, and that man will not be bereft of his most faithful friend when translated beyond these sublunary bounds. George Eliot tells a young girl friend that "a dog is a better friend than a Christian", and Burns, who probably got his idea that man is the dog's god from Becon's Essay on Atheisme, says the very same thing. Southey when mourning the death of a favourite spaniel, thus concludes his meditations :

"There is another world.
For all that live and move—a better one!"

It is admitted, however, that the dog has his faults,

and It is an interesting speculation as to how far these are due to his age-long association with man. Addison, for example, says that the dog, though he has been man's constant companion for many thousands of years has only acquired one of his master's vices, i.e the disp sition to take the top-dog's side, so to speak. "Tie a saucepan to a dog's tail," writes that perfect type of the man of the world in literature, "and another dog with fall on him. Put man in prison for debt, and another will lodge a detainer against him." As a matter of fact, all animals with the habit of gregariousness have the ugly habit of attacking the wounded or diseased of their own species ; it is rooted in the ancient necessity of keeping the herd or pack free from the weakling that would weaken its resistance-power against its ubiquitous enemies. The dog, gregarious animal by origin, did not need to learn this principle of self-preservation from man. Yet it has often been asserted that the snobbish insolence of tyrannical persons, lackeys and Jacksin-office is reflected in the behaviour of dogs. "I am his Highness's dog at Kew ; Pray tell me Sir, whose dog are you ?"

When Lear, wretched and forsaken, fancies that his own dogs have deserted him and gone over to the side of those who have dishonoured ancient majesty in his person :

"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart; see, they bark at me."
the last pang is added to his bittter anguish.

Fortunately it was merely Lear's poignant fantasy which attributed infidelity to his dogs. Actually a dog never turns traitor to his master, his deity who remains so in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity. It may be that a dog, sedulously observant of his master's passing moods, takes on a colour of his insolence or obsequiousness, yet it must be admitted that he is singularly free from the greater faults of human nature, and he can rise to self sacrifice as a hundred tales certify us.

In recent years many attempts have been made to plumb the psychology of dogs. All that I can say from my own observations is that their psychology is not so very different from man, at least not in the basic qualities of human nature. They experience joy, fear (in a handful of dust), sorrow (the sort of hopeless grief that is passionless), jealousy; they even have a sense of humour—at least a germ of it. Darwin finds this especially in the dog's teasing behaviour, as distinct from mere play, when retrieving a stick. Often the master throws a stick and the dog, instead of returning it, will carry it away a short distance, squatting on the ground with it close beside him. When the master comes up to take the stick the dog will seize it and rush away in triumph, repeating the same manoeuvre, and evidently enjoying the practical joke.

The last poem in this section is an Arab's lament over his horse whom he is forced to sell. It is acknowledged that the horse is a noble animal and not the least of man's dumb friends. Without such

a willing servant as the horse civilisation would not have developed to the present stage.

There is the true story of a farmer who was awakened one night by the whinnying of his old horse who broke loose from his paddock and came to the verandah of the homestead. The farmer, wondering what was wrong and how the horse had got out of the yard in which he had been locked up, hurried from his bed and immediately saw sparks and smoke going up from a post at the corner of the horse-yard. He rushed across and found that the horse had broken out and given him the alarm. The season was dry and the standing crops might easily have caught fire, but in a twinkling the farmer got the blaze under control. Such instances as these could be multiplied indefinitely.

In the end let me make a confession. I believe that a man who has no love of animals in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. I hope I shall be pardoned for this misquotation from Shakespeare.

MACHINES

Primitive man lived in constant fear of both nature and the super-natural. Modern man at first hated and feared the machines; then he got adjusted to them to the extent even of looking upon the machine as a living thing, a thing of beauty gliding like a queen. 'What nudity as beautiful as this?' But even this adoration of the machine may turn out to be complacent: the ancient gods and devils, as they were, could perhaps be appeased, but the machine can neither love nor pity nor forgive, though it can perhaps in defiance of Kipling, detect a lie!

The moral of Kipling's last line deserves to be seriously considered. Did man evolve the weapon or the need for weapons and machines evolve the man? The new anthropology seems to encourage the notion that the weapon in a sense preceded man—that the club or the rock, in one way, is the ancestor of intellect. A weak, nonspecialized animal with a small brain finds he can equalize the odds against a tiger by grabbing a stick or a stone, or even the thighbone of a previous victim. If he doesn't coordinate hand and brain and eyes well enough to use it, he dies and his strain dies too. Co-ordination,

social survival itself, call for a larger brain, and so on. All to better use the weapon. True enough, but in the first instance, it is man who evolved his weapons, his tools, and his machines. First, man's concept, first the imagination to grab the club or make the tool. Then the club becomes a weapon and perhaps it takes a larger and larger brain to compete. But first the idea, then the weapon. In following machines blindly, adoringly, we are following false prophets, forgetting that the tractor is only an assembly of nuts and bolts and iron, but the brain of the dullest farmer is a miracle ; the mind of the driver of the car and the tender of the furnace is infinitely more wonderful than the best of our engines or the finest of our factories. Shall we allow the machine, the gleaming complex of transistors and tubes to become a deity ? We have alas already allowed the machine to influence our thinking.

Our habits of thought have followed the development of machinery by moulding themselves more and more on mechanical models. The present age is the age of the engineer. Not only is the engineer supreme in his own department, where he has the right to be supreme, but a kind of universal sway has now become his. The idea of reconstruction, for example, has been borrowed from him, and all our 'reconstructions' of society, of morals, of Government are based on his models and exhibited after the manner of his blue prints. Our common speech betrays these proclivities in counltess forms. How often, for example, do we here the expression,

"building a bridge' applied to some operation of thought—'building a bridge between religion and science", "building a bridge between matter and spirit". Metaphors, no doubt ; but significant enough of an engineering bias in modern thought.

Pointing to the same conclusion there are two other words, now firmly established not only in scientific terminology, but in the common vernacular, 'problem' and 'solution'—both essential to mechanical thought. Neither of them is to be found in the Bible, the Hebrew seers apparently having no turn for the engineer's way of thinking about life or the universe or God. Nowadays, however, everything, from the secret of the universe to the length of a woman's skirts, is made into a 'problem' for which a 'solution' has to be found. A queer habit !.

Creative thinking has little use for these words. The creative thinker does more than solve a problem: he goes forth to meet a challenge, engaging his will in the operation along with his intelligence, supporting both with his imagination and boldy facing the risk that he may come to grief. Human beings, unlike machines, are conscious of where they stand and of what they are doing—or at least capable of becoming so. All differences between machines and men originate in this primal difference—that men know or can know what they are doing and where they are, while machines do not and cannot. Herein lies man's one possibility of escaping from the otherwise desperate and dehumanising situation in whichhe finds himself as a cog on the wheel of a

universe whose immensities overwhelm him and whose secret he cannot penetrate. "Man", says Pascal, "is a reed : but a reed that thinks." This is the saving factor. A religious faith is, in essence, nothing less than an effort of the mind, imagination, intelligence and will, to break through the mechanical framework of the natural world in which fate seems to have bound it. "Life," says Whitehead, "is an offensive against the repetitive mechanism of the universe." This the mechanical mind tends to overlook. Forgetting the difference between machines and men it expects from the reform of the system what can only be accomplished by the re-education of man—the re-education of man up to the point where no kind of machinery is his master, but all kinds his servant. We must honestly face the fact that hitherto, though machines give the worker his bread and butter, they also deprive him of inner satisfactions and individual functional value. They turn him to some extent into a machine-part and bereave him of his manhood. In so far as the machine robs him of his individuality and makes him perform the same few mechanical movements every day throughout his working life, it is liable to stunt him.

The assembly lines in huge factories which pour out masses of goods do not make any demands on the creative skills of the workers but merely keep them engaged on repetition jobs. The physical arrangements and mental atmosphere of such factories (dark Satanic mills, as Blake called them) are often harmful to the human nervous system. We

must have mechanized industry but we need not have it at such a heavy price. Those among the industrialists and economists who treat man, including themselves, only as a statistical cypher, and not also as a sensitive, feeling and thinking human being, atrophy his talents and spoil his feeling for creativity. They deal with human robots. In their worship of the mechanized view of life, they lose their balance just as those other worshippers of the machine who denounce them politically in the name of enforced collectivism also lose their balance. Both are hypnotized by the modern form of materialism. Both believe the machine will so lighten labour and increase prosperity that every one will henceforth be happy. Inventive technology can do and is doing wonderful things in this epoch, but it can never make anyone really happy. How many of the millions of factory workers have developed mentally beyond the machines they tend? And how many celebrated executives have become anything more than mere automatons of the business world?

DEATH

Death is the only thing in life that is absolutely certain. Sweeping reforms and far reaching revolutions may take place in society, but death, we may be sure, will remain. Science may learn the art of prolonging the individual human life far, far beyond the century mark, but ultimately death must and will come. This being so, one should have thought that human beings would, through sheer familiarity, become so used to this event that they would hardly think about it, emotionally, philosophically or poetically. And yet, the very opposite is true. Human beings have always felt the need of taking some definite attitude towards death in language of dignity and beauty. "O, our lives sweetness! That we the pain of death would hourly die, Rather than die as once! (Edgar, King Lear Act V, Scene 3).

The orthodox Christian attitude towards Death is that it is the wages of sin ; Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought Death into the world, and all our woe—till one greater Man restore us." The last words hold out the religious promise of personal immortality. The very corner stone of Christianity is the story of Jesus Christ's miraculous resurrection, thus making it as a death conquering religion. One must admit however, that is not

only christians, but all manner of men and peoples throughout the world for whom the promise of eternal life has naturally had a perennial appeal. Indeed, the commonest form of the imaginative embodiment of everlastingness has been the belief in a supernatural personal immortality beyond the grave.

Job's question rings through the centuries: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Perhaps one way (the agnostic's) of dealing with this question is simply to say, "We do not know?" For most persons, however, this is an extremely unsatisfactory answer; to one of the greatest questions of life they want a definite reply, and in the positive! The great majority of people have therefore rendered allegiance to the ideas of personal immortality. But with many of them the belief has been a formality rather than an ever-present guiding principle. (Alas! This is so with many of our so-called beliefs). In the actual crisises stirred up by death they have by no means acted as if there were a life eternal. It is difficult to estimate to what extent the doctorine has penetrated beneath the surface to the essential being of man. It is true, nevertheless, that the vast majority of mankind wish to believe that there is life after death, and the strength of the wish is itself quoted as an argument in favour of the belief that it is so. Men desire immortality and having desired, set out to prove that they desire something real. It is indeed, the argument of the philosophers of immortality. One sametimes wonders whether religion is only a consciously accepted system of make-believe. But then there is the testimony of prophets of many religions. This testimony is not based on faith but on their personal knowledge.

Many poems in this section affirm the traditional promises of religion. But not all. There have been some men and women, philosophers as well as poets, who were reluctant to rationalize their feelings automatically. Their attitudes to death have consequently been not always traditional and orthodox. They have tried to come to terms with death in other ways, and some not at all. These last are those who are less concerned about their own survival, but cannot reconcile themselves to the death of those they love ; to them death is the cruel and overpowering marauder who relentlessly steals away, one by one, family, friends, the good, the great, the beautiful. Can a Walter Savage Landor be ever reconciled to the death of Rose Aylmer ? Death is no respecter of sex. And among the most poignant poems in any language and of any period are those dealing with the loss of ladies most fair in form and rare in spirit. Few indeed are the poets who have not written verses to the memory of some peerless beauty, some tender wife or sweet young girl. Many of these laments constitute an exquisite commentary on love as well as death. In truth, it is obvious that the subjects of love and death are all but inseparable. No one can understand the full meaning of love until he has lost by death the person of someone infinitely dear. And it is not too difficult to comprehend how, under such circumstances, men and women alike seek consolation in the belief that they will again meet the beloved beyond the grave. But the fact remains that no religion or philosophy—whether promising immortality or not—can more than partly counteract the consequences of death's tearing asunder the deep reaching unities of love and friendship. When

all is said and done, perhaps the simple passage of time is the most helpful thing of all. Or is it? I say, perhaps, because some wounds are never truly healed.

"They say that time assuages,—
Time never did assuage;
An actual suffering strengthens,
As sinews do, with age.
Time is a test of trouble;
But not a remedy,
If such it prove, it prove too
There was no malady." (Emily Dickinson)

Viewed in this context of love, the fear of death turns out to be, not a mere rationalization of one's own wish to live, but a form of portest. So far as wish enters into the situation, it is clear that the wish is not primarily for one's ownself. It takes the form of a demand that someone else, whose death has been witnessed shall not have perished from the universe. Attachments have been broken off, the emotional habits of life have been thwarted, but the protest is not merely levelled against this personal pain. It is also levelled against the destruction of something admirable. It is a cry that life has produced the being, beloved by me, and has thrown it away. I care enough for that appearance to carve it into imperishable stone, yet nature lets the living original perish! It is a protest which moves far beyond personal suffering and expresses outrage at an objective unfitness. Particularly is this so when the loss involved is that of persons who died in youth or in the prime of life. For it is premature death, especially when, as so often, it seems to serve no purpose, that primarily gives to mortally its tragic aspect.

Thus the notion of survival arises far more as a claim of right than as a personal wish. It is based less on the law of individual duty than on the right of affection and an aesthetic justice. It is conceived as the obligation of the universe to us before it is our duty to the universe. Lear's 'No, no, no, life !

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all ?

is a question hurled at the universe, just as his "Thou 'lt come no more, never, never, never, never, never," is the anguished cry of the heart which refuses the consolations of religion.

"There has been too much falsehood about death.
It has been called release, welcomed for old
Tormented people who reject their living,
We must accept benighly what will be,
They say, and call life death and make death life:
This we do not accept who see that death,
Cuts into life aimlessly, with no purpose,
Horribly taking flesh and shattering spirit,
Bodies and minds of children still inchoate,
And older bodies yearned for and caressed.
And minds whose swift unfolding just begun
Is checked and their illumination lost.
Death is uncompensated, futile, bitter,
And we shall shout against it, uselessly
But with a terrible grief, resisting it
To the final quivering of nerve and the ast breath;
Militant bodies and militant minds holding off
death."

(Margaret Lemont : Protest)

This may be desperate thinking, but the man (or

woman) who sometime during his life does not, like Keats, stand alone and think on death and destiny has not fully lived as a human being. There is a certain fundamental gamut of thought and emotion through which we must pass before we attain true maturity. And it is safe to say that every great poet has gone through the experience, and probably more than once, that Keats describes so poignantly in one of the most perfect sonnets every written : "When I have fears that I say cease to be." It is the transiency of things that hurts them griveously. "O moment stay, thou art so fair," wrcte Goethe in one of his superb summings-up of universal human longings. But the moment never does stay and seldom comes again. Try as we may, we cannot summon back from the past those rare remembered joys that lifted us on high. Time is irreversible, and one minute gone is as completely irretrievable as a day or a year. It is not only the fleetingness of single moment that makes us sensitive to the sting of transiency. Months, years, decades, whole lives seem to pass with the same uncanny swiftness. Almost before we know it the cold gray season of deat is upon us.

The laws of time apply to the cities and civilizations that men build as well as to men themselves. In fact, they extend to the entire universe. It is what is sometimes called a metaphysical ultimate, that is, one of the basic characteristics of whatever exists at all.

"Time is the root of all this earth ;
These creatures who from Time had birth,
Within his bosom at the end
Shall sleep, Time hath nor enemy nor friend."

The last word will never be said on Transiency, on

Time and its accomplice, Death. And yet, can we altogether agree with the fourth line of the stanza quoted above ? Isn't transiency man's friend as well as foe ? No pleasure lasts forever, but neither does any ordeal by pain. The beautiful moment does not stay, but neither does the ugly moment, the anxious moment, the bitter moment. Today that seems so long, so strange, so bitter, will soon be some forgotten yesterday.

Thus there are occasions and contexts, when death takes on a benign aspect and offers consolations irrespective of any promise of immortality. It is bracing to know that no existent or possible form of society can defeat the democracy of death. In the grave, al least, all manner of men will be forever equal ; in the grave the classless society eternally holds away. It is heartening to realize that death has the last laugh on all tyrants and oppressors, who, like everyone else, are destined before long to descend into the grave and turn to dust. But apart from tyrants, there are the 'rich dead', Rupert Brooke's heroic martyrs on the battle-field, who dying, have made us rarer gifts than gold. For them the bugles blow because they have brought us, "holiness, lacked so long, and love and pain, so that nobleness should walk in our ways again."

Who can forget the names of those who in their lives fought for life ? Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail or knock the breast ; their death has brought for them, and vicariously for us, calm of mind all passion spent. Falling in battle remains the most common and most popular form of heroic death. But peace has it crisis as well as war. Indeed, the most memorable of heroic deaths have been those of martyrs in the realms

of religion and philosophy, such as Hazrat Imam Hussain, Socrates and Jesus, John Huss and Joan of Arc, Giordano Bruno and Sir Thomas Moore. These great deaths dramatically illustrate the point that men must always stand ready to lay down their lives for what they believe to be true and the good. It is upon the basis of such considerations as these that there must be developed thaf high and perfected art of dying which is a sign of mature civilization. It is impossible not to be moved by the noble and self respecting words on life and death addressed by Socrates to his Judges :

"And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you ; for I am about to die, and in the hour of death men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my departure punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lieve ... forgetting that the unexamined life is not worth living. If you think that by killing men you can prevent someone from censuring your evil lives you are mistaken ; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honourable ; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be disabling others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophesy which I utter before my departure to the judges who have condemned me. Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about the thing which has come to pass, while the magistrates are busy and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a little, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are

my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me...

I will tell you. What has happened to me is a good, and those of us who think that death is an evil are in error.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good; for one of two things—either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death be of such a nature, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead abide, what good, O my friends and Judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of Justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might

converse with Orpheus and Musaeus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I myself, too, shall have a wonderful interest in this meeting and conversing with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and any other ancient hero who has suffered death through an unjust judgment · and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own suffering with theirs.

Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in the next; and I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O Judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! In another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions: assuredly not. For besides being happier than we are, they will be immortal, if what is said is true. Wherefore, O Judges be of good cheer about death and know of a certainty, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his or not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by more chance. But I see clearly that the time had arrived when it was better for me to die and be released from trouble.

For which reason, also, I am not angry with my condemners, or with my accusers; they have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them"

Socates' condemnation of his Judges is nevertheless a

tribute to the civilization of Greece in his life and time. The mode of death prescribed for him was humane and benevolent (compare with the inhuman crucifiction of Christ by the Jews).

You have only to consider the diabolical concentration camps and tortures both physical and psychological devised by modern man to realize how far superior the ancient Greeks were in culture and humanity to the so-called progressive barbarian of today. One wonders whether Socrates would have spoken of death as he did if he had to experience it in Dachau !

No account of the subject would be complete without mentioning the philosophy of humanism which looks upon death as the end of the individual conscious personality and which sets up the happiness and progress of mankind on this earth as the supreme goal of human life. Strangely enough, without the data provided by the modern sciences of physiology and psychology, of biology and medicine, some of the classic expressions of the humanist point of view were made by the ancients. Three hundred years before the birth of Christ the great Greek philosopher Epicurus summed up the whole question of what transpires at death in the brief and pithy formula : "When we are, death is not ; and when death is, we are not." Two centuries later the Roman Lucretius, the greatest of all the followers of Epicurus, made the classic statement on death from the Humanist stand point in his magnificent poem, "On the Nature of things". The body and personality are essentially one and inseparable. They are born together, they live together ; and they must die together. "We are only we, while souls and bodies in one frame agree.

Observe this dew-drenched rose of Tyrian grain—
A rose today. But you will ask in vain
Tomorrow what it is ; and yesterday
It was the dust, the sunshine and the rain."

The acceptance of this point of view, far from causing a decay of moral standards, has usually accompanied a lofty and inspiring code of ethics. This ethics has been humane because it has recognized that men have a right to freedom and happiness here and now.

"Dear lovely Death
That taketh all things under wing—
Never to kill—
Only to change
Into some other thing
This suffering flesh,
To make it either more or less
But not again the same—
Dear lovely Death,
Change is thy other name"—(Langston Hughes)

Here we find a definite recognition of the fact that it is Nature's way to affirm life through death. She has decreed death for all the higher forms of life in order that life may rise to greater heights. Instead of retaining indefinitely the same instrument for the evolutionary upsurge, she discards them at a certain time and produces new and more vigorous. We die to make room for new-born and lustier vitality. Generation after generation of youths and maidens, men and women, have their chance to taste the joys of living and to make their own particular contribution to the never ending human adventure. Such is the meaning of death, which is not the wages of sin but the price of

love. For if men by way of love are to beget new generations of men continually ; the old must pass. The world-room is finite ; without perennial death there could be no perennial appearance of child hood. With out childhood, love which is transmission, and whose greatest joy is the handing-on of life, would be chocked in its beginnings. Love is the distant acceptance and celebration of one's own transiency. And death, when it comes, should be the glad remembrance and celebration of love. Thus the best of all answers to death, perhaps the only answer, is the affirmation of living itself. The affirmation may be made heroically, but it has also its humbler expressions, that of Wang chi :

"Tell me now, what should a man want
But to sit alone, sipping his cup of wine ?
I should like to have visitors come and discuss philosophy
And not to have the tax-collector coming to collect taxes ;
My three sons married into good families
And my five daughters wedded to steady husbands.
Then I could jog through a happy five score years
And, at the end, need no Paradise."

Thomas Freeman the hero in Somerset Maugham's play entitled "Smith" make this touching, avowal :

"I want no more than a roof over my head and decent food to eat, and a wife and children. That oughtn't to be very hard to get if you're willing to work for it. And for beauty, I don't want much more than the sunrise and the sunset and the stars of heaven. And I'd like my own people to be fond of me. And for that I don't mind putting up with rotten weather,

and bad times and disease, and separation, and Death—and I'll call it all good !

Mrs. Hornby in the same playwright's "The land of promise" affirms life in a comic vein ; whenever some one of her old friends dies, she goes to the funeral and says to herself, "well' I've seen her out, anyhow." Then she comes back and eats muffins for tea. She always eats muffins after she has been to a funeral ! And if you have a taste for the higher affirmations of life could you improve upon Keats' "Now more than ever seems it rich to die", or Shelley's ?

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
To defy power, which seems omnipotent ;
To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
From it own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory ?"

GOD

It has been observed that each man creates God in his own image. For some, God is a person who sits in heaven recording our sins of commission and omission and assigning praise and blame—Tennyson's "infinite clergyman". For others, such a God is no more credible than the God of Olympus. When we come to the poets we are faced with another kind of difficulty. It is easy for a poet to fall into the language of religious conventionality when writing about God. If he tries to be original his words often seem forced and unreal. It takes a John Donne, a George Herbert or a Blake to be both daring and satisfying in an unexpected authenticity of speech. All the great mystics have declared that they could not express their own deepest experiences of God in words. Nevertheless, their sincere and reverent attempts in the expression of the religious experience open out to us new glimpses of that ultimate reality, transcendent over and immanent within the universe, which is God. This last statement itself needs elucidation. It suggests that we have two apparently quite separate ways of thinking about God. On the one hand God can be conceived of as impersonal, eternal, unchanging, without qualities—Absolute,

This is the aspect of God which is cognized in transcendental consciousness and in cosmic consciousness. Under this aspect God is referred to as "It"—On the other hand, God can also be conceived of as personal, with qualities, and in this case is referred to, not as "It" but as He (as in Islam) or she as in some ancient Egyptian Cults, or even as in some androgynous Indian versions, as both He and She. Can these two versions of God be reconciled? Can God be both immanent and transcendent at the same time? The mystic's answer is that they cannot be reconciled in the narrow intellectual sense, but that at a certain level of experience there ceases to be any contradiction between them. The way out of the impasse consists in deepening one's awareness. "The more God is in all things, the more He is outside them. The more He is within, the more without," (Eckhart).

Only the transcendent, the completely other, can be immanent without being modified by the becoming of that in which it dwells. According to Aldous Huxley, the Perennial Philosophy teaches that it is desirable and indeed necessary to know the spiritual Ground of things not only within the soul, but also outside in the world and, beyond world and soul, in its transcendent otherness—in heaven!

"Though God is everywhere present, yet He is only present to thee in the deepest and most central part of thy soul. The natural senses cannot possess God or unite thee to Him; nay, thy inward faculties of understanding, will and memory can only reach after God, but cannot be the place of his habitation in thee. But there is a root or depth of thee from

whence all these faculties come forth. as lines from a centre, or as branches from the body of the tree. This depth is called the centre, the fund, or bottom of the soul. This depth is the unity, the eternity—I had almost said the infinity—of the soul ; for it is so infinite that nothing can satisfy it or give it rest but the infinity of God." (William Law)

This extract, says Huxley, seems to contradict what was said above, but the contradiction is not a real one. God within and God without—these are two abstract notions, which can be entertained by the understanding and expressed in words. But the facts to which these notions refer cannot be realized and experienced except in the deepest and most central part of the soul. And this is true no less of God without than of God within. But though the two abstract notions have to be realized, to use a spatial metaphor, in the same place, the instrinsic nature of the realization of God within is qualitatively different from that of the realization of God without and each in turn is different from that of the realization of the Ground as simultaneously within and without—as self of the perceiver and at the same time as that by which all this world is pervaded.

The psychologist William James, analyses the mystical experience of God in the followiug interrelated categories :—

1. Unity. This can occur in either of two forms, internal or external. Internal unity occurs when consciousness merges with the 'ground of being' beyond all empirical distinctions. Although awareness of one's own empirical ego has ceased, one does not

become unconscious. External unity, on the other hand, seems to occur when awareness of ene or more particular sense impressions grows in intensity until suddenly the object of perception and the empirical ego simultaneously seem to cease to exist as separate entities, while consciousness seems to transcend subject and object and become impregnated by a profound sense of unity, accompanied by the insight that ultimately 'all is one'.

2. Objectivity and Reality. The insights gained are intuitively felt to be of a more fundamental form of reality than either the phenomena of everyday consciousness or the most vivid of dreams or hallucinations.
3. Transcendence of Space and Time, commonly reported in mystical literature.
4. Sense of Sacredness, Inherent in the non-differentiated unity of mystical consciousness is a profound sense of holiness and sacredness that is felt to be at a more basic level than any religious or philosophical concepts held by the experiencer.
5. Deeply-Felt Positive Mood. This refers to feelings of joy, blessedness, and peace to peace which passes understanding. It is, in fact, the bliss quality of the Absolute.
6. Paradoxicality. This category reflects the manner in which significant aspects of mystical experience are felt by the experiencer to be true inspite of the fact that they violate the laws of Aristotelian logic. The subject may envision a universal self that is both unqualified and qualified, both impersonal and personal, and both inactive and active.

So much for the mystics and the poets. The question may very legitimately be put : what has science to say on the subject of God ? It is true that in its first flush of technical achievements science tended to encourage atheistic materialism. But not all scientists have been cheeky enough to 'shelve' God. Francis Bacon who ushered in the scientific era in Europe said more than three centuries ago, 'A little philosophy inclines man to atheism ; a depth of philosophy brings him to religion."

In recent years, Lord Kelvin, one of the world's greatest physicists, has made the following significant statement. "If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to believe in God." Curiously enough, modern investigations into the nature of matter have revealed subtle, not too material aspects of matter-molecules, atoms, sub-atomic particles. Beyond this point, beyond the subtlest aspect of the relative world, lies—what ? Nothing ? Or the source of all that exists ? Perhaps the very idea of a supreme Being implies His existence.

Strange though it may seem, our common sense provides the best answer to the question : Is there God ? Human beings need God. Belief in the existence of God provides the only complete, ultimate and rational meaning to existence. Belief in God is the only ultimate reason for the absolute certainty that man is a person and something more than a parcel of matter and energy. Belief in God is the only ultimate and absolute source of our inalienable rights and duties, because we are truly equal only in the sight of Absolute or Perfect Love, Justice and Mercy. Max Planck, the scientist who opened the way to the inside

of the atom, has said : "Religion and Natural Science are fighting a joint battle in an incessant, never-relaxing crusade against Skepticism ; and the rallying cry in this crusade has always been, and always will be : On to God !"

We need God. As a philosopher has observed ; 'S'il Dieu n' existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer"—if God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. I hope Peguy's rather longish poem (in translation) will find favour with readers. The simple language God uses is incredibly exalted and takes on a majesty which can only remind one of the Scriptures : plain language so plain that in some unaccountable way it puts so-called literary styles to shame. Superficially, the poem seems to be prose cut up into lines of different lengths However, if we read it again and listen to the sound of it, we will catch a rhythm, not exactly the rhythm of speech, but what might be termed the rhythm of thought. Peguy's God is a very real character, if one may apply the word "character" to what the Christians believe to be the first person of the Trinity. We sometimes smile when we listen to him, but we are awed. He is never pompous, he never has to remember to be majestic, being majesty itself. He makes us feel like children and somehow he makes us feel a little better, a little more hopeful. He has a way of making clear what seemed irreparably involved in our spiritual life and with one word unties many knots. At the same time he lowers us somewhat in our self-esteem, he makes us a little ashamed, he makes us look a little foolish in our own eyes, but he does so in such a way that we are happier in consequence ; he is eminently "le bon Dieu", the good Lord.

Psalmy